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The Edinburgh Ladies' Petition to Dr. Moyes, with Lord Byron's Reply.

Dear Doctor, let it not transpire
How much your lectures we admire!
How at your eloquence we wonder,
When you explain the cause of thunder,
Of light'ning and of electricity,
With so much glowing ease and simplicity;
The origin of rocks and mountains;
Or seas and rivers, lakes and fountains
In rain and hail, in frost and snow;
And all the winds and storms that blow;
Besides an hundred wonders more,
Of which we never heard before.
But now, dear doctor, not to flatter,
There is a most important matter,
A matter which you never touch on,
A matter which our thoughts run much on
A subject, if we right conjecture,
Which well deserves a long, long lecture,
Which all the Ladies would approve—
The Natural History of Love.
Oh! list to our united voice,
Dear sir, dear, dear Doctor Moyes;
Tell us why most tender hearts
So willingly admit Love's darts?
Teach us the marks of Love's beginning,
What is it makes a beau so winning?
What is it makes a coxcomb witty,
A dotard wise, a old coat pretty?
Why we believe such horrid lies,
That we are angels from the skies—
Our teeth as pearl, our cheeks are roses,
Our eyes are stars—such charming noses!
Explain our dreams, waking and sleeping;
Explain our laughing and our weeping;
Explain our hoping and our doubting,
Our blushing, simpering, and pouting.
Tell us all the enchanting arts
Of winning and of keeping hearts,
Teach us, dear doctor, if you can,
To manage that proud creature, man;
To turn the wise ones into fools,
The proud and insolent to tools;
To make them all run helter-skelter
Those necks into the marriage halter;
Then teach us to ourselves with these,
Well rule and turn them as we please.
Dear Doctor, if you grant our wishes,
We promise you five hundred kisses;
And rather than the affair be blunder'd,
We'll give you six score to the hundred.

Approved by 300 Ladies, 1807.

LORD BYRON'S REPLY.

[The following are Lord Byron's own words in reference to the preceding composition:—"This petition, a certainly little poem, was put into my hands by a lady for whom I entertain a very great respect, accompanied by a wish that I would reply in the Doctor's name. Though by no means adequate to the task, I have endeavored, in the following lines, to give such answers to the questions as my own trifling acquaintance suggested, woos from my dislike to refuse any request of a female, than the most distant hope of affording a perspicuous or satisfactory solution of the abstruse queries.—Madden, 1807."]

In all the arts, without exception,
The ladies can show a vast perception;
From morbid symptoms diagnostic
Each Doctor draws a sage prognostic;
While each Professor forms a project
From diagrams or subtle logic.
Lavished improvers in Astronomy,
Lavater writes on Physiognomy;
The principles of Nature's history
To scan appears no more a mystery.
Brocklesby says that once a tail hope
Adorned man before the deluge;
And that at length mankind got rid of 'em,
Because they stood no more in need of 'em.
Since we on knave no longer went all,
Claws were declared more ornamental.
Religion splits in many a schism;
Lettres commence on Galvanism;
The marvellous phantasmagoria
Work on the optics and sensoria;—
But not content with common things,
Behold, some daily wonder springs;
As aunt Billington, or Banti,
Shows not "Adagio" or "Andante!"
The town to see the veteran Kemble,
Is nightly made no more assemble;
The house is crammed, in every place full,
To see the boy of action graceful
While Roscius leads his scene to Betty,
Polly must yield the palm to Petty;
And we, though not the least in clause,
A Barking Poet pretends to rhyme,
Though many think the noble fool
Had better let return to school,
And there improve in learning faster,
Instead of bawling his master.
Knowledge is daily more prolific,
And babes will soon be scientific.
Yet in the midst of general science,
One theme to scoffers bids defiance,
One theme confounds, but most approves—
The Natural History of Love!
This love exists—none none can doubt it;
Indeed where should we be without it?
'Tis in the catalogue of sins;
But when and where this love begins,
Is perfectly incomprehensible,
Though all to its approach are sensible.
To pleasure, pain—'tis old, 'tis new,
To Alpha and Omega too;
To subject to no jurisdiction,
But burns the fiercer for restriction.
Some call it passive, other active,
We all agree that 'tis attractive;
Others declare, when first the world,
In dark, promiscuous chaos hurl'd,
Through elements yet undigested,
Of space and areas quite undivested,
Then Form * and Matter joined in marriage,
And happily, without miscarriage,
In blissful bonds at once uniting,
Produced this earth we draw the light in;
And hence, in fable allegorical,
The bards of yore, most metaphorical
Have drawn (the simile must strike ye)
The pretty tale of Love and Psyche!
Then Form in the first I heard of,
Or, rather, ever read a word of,)—
If he as I have stated, be male,—
She talk'd on love or kiss'd a female.
We'll therefore call him Love, or rather,
Of Love, at least, the mighty father;
For she in matrons must appear,
And husbands also, very clear,
That we are under obligation
To those who first produced creation;
For had they never given birth
To this our general parent, Earth,
We might have trod some other sphere,
Or been just now—the Lord knows where.
This origin we'll take for granted,
Because some origin is wanted;
Yet still I shall be much the debtor
If any one who finds a better.
Though Love be sprung of very great degree,
I know but little of his pedigree;
Yet as his family has thought about
A reminiscence which I knew nought about,
To some that I have been told enough
To give him one at least that's old enough.
In water, fire, earth, or air,
Love holds his general empire there;
The birds who cleave yon azure sky
Bestow sensation mutual as they fly;
In water, e'en the very fishes
Are peculiarly vicious;
And fire, all elements above
Is continental of love;
On earth, since first the earth began,
We know the miracles he's done.
But why should I romances tell
Which every damsel knows so well;
To those just now I shan't recall 'em;
For may the very same befall 'em;
And thus, I think, with all due deference,
To her, with words, would have the preference;
Because the best detailed narration,
Falls very short of demonstration.
The truth requires no great rehearsal,
That love indeed is universal,
From things with animation rife,
To things of vegetable life,
Bluffs and their minutes also feel it,
There's not an upstart can conceal it.
The loves of plants are all the fashion,
And cabbage feels the tender passion.
Why ladies' young and tender hearts
So readily admit Love's darts,
Requires no search from on high
To make at once an apt reply:
This truth is orthodox forever—
A damsel's heart is Cupid's quiver:
For never placed he there an arrow,
Which found its residence too narrow,
But gently was at once admitted,
The shaft and all most nicely fitted,
Why then suppose a coxcomb witty,
A dotard wise, a old coat pretty,
Are questions that would pose the sages
Of these or any former ages.
Some wicked wretches, who peruse
The patriarchs' lives but to abuse,
Have said that very ancient story
Concerning Eve is allegory—
That satan was no fiery dragon,
But a fine youth, without a rag on,
And held as good a claim as Adam,
To be the spouse of Eve—sad dame!
And consequently 'tis pretended
Cain was from Lucifer descended!
This parentage I shan't dispute,
Or what was the reasonings sweet;
The ancient texts have all agreed
The Devil was of reptile breed;
Proceeding on their grave decision,
We'll form from these the supposition:—
As serpents, it is often said,
Are caught with any thing that's red,
Perchance some females may inherit
A secret sympathetic spirit,
Which leads them to this predilection,
And seamen to them perfection.
Why we in catacombs they discern
Is hardly worth our while to learn.
Wise fools are oft preferr'd to wise men
I know, but never will advise them;
We really can't explain the reason,
Because to mention it were treason.
Why all the charming, easy creatures
Believe that Heaven is in their features,—
Has lent her stars—that earth has given
Her roses to outrival Heaven;
Or why the sea, to please the girl,
Bid oysters mourn their absent pearl,—
Requires but little explanation—
These were mistakes are the occasion.
While vanity shall hold the glass,
All this will daily come to pass.
To cure their laughing and their weeping,
Their wandering dreams, and e'en their sleeping,
'Tis known by men of nice precision,
That Hymen is the best physician;
He will unravel hopes and doubting,
And put an end to fits of pouting.
But how to raise the other sex
Would any saint or sage perplex.
Ladies, I think you can't complain,
You hold a wide extensive reign;
First learn to rule yourselves, and then,
Perhaps, you'll quite subdue the men.
As for that word, the mistress HALTER,
The very measure makes me falter;
The texture is so monstrous coarse,
It drags us into Heaven by force.
Though much disposed to sin in rhyming,
The Muses never speak of Hymen;
I'm therefore almost doubtful, whether
I'd best be silent altogether;
Or with a compliment conclude,
Since all before is downright rude;
But when I read the blest reward
Awaits the doctor, or his bard,
"FIVE HUNDRED KISSES! oh, ye gods!
For that I'd dare all mortal odds:
Though I can never be victorious,
'Tis PAID, in such a cause is glorious;
I'll therefore, since I've made beginning
Conclude, with scarce a hope of winning.
To make my duties paginous,
I'll wish what each in secret wishes;
Though much I fear that e'en veracity
Can ne'er atone for such audacity.
"May each among you find a mate,
Content at home in peace to wait;
And grateful for each connubial blessing,
And quite enough in spouse possessing;
A cheerful, constant, kind, and free one—
But Heaven forbid that I should be one!"

* Timæus has written on this idea, and on this foundation I have taken the liberty of personifying Forms and Matter.

† Fair Child. The story of Cupid and Psyche is also in existence. Vide his "Golden Ass."

A Wedding at College.

From Tales by the Collegians.

Most of you are aware that I was educated at Heidelberg, and whether from the predilection usually entertained for the scenes of our youthful joys and sorrows, the intrinsic merits of the place, or, more probably, a mixture of both, I continue to retain for it a partiality which I believe is common to all who have ever resided there. Its delightful situation on the banks of the Necker—its undying warning, and, above all, the venerable remains of its splendid electoral palace, with the charming gardens which surround it—all combine to leave a most agreeable impression on the mind even of a passing traveller. In mine, however, they are inseparably associated with ideas of a more personal and tender character; with those boyish pranks and more unpardonable outrages which rendered the Burschen at once the plague and terror of the peaceable inhabitants, who, depending at the same time on these very sisters for their existence and prosperity, were sometimes tempted to send us fairly to the devil, and then very fain to deprecate our ceaseless displeasure, and court us back again.

Among many less justifiable pieces of "remuncing," which occurred during my stay, there was one prank which savoured so much more of good-humour and originality than the rest, and which is moreover so appropos to our present design, that I cannot help relating it; though I grieve to say, that my youth and inexperience in latro affairs, prevented my participating more than generally in the glory it reflected on the Burschen of Heidelberg.

Among the various professors from whom our high mightinesses of Heidelberg condescended to imbibe the principles of science, there were, known, originals enough: such as no man who has not been at a German university can easily picture to himself. There was a long, thin, thread-paper of a Marktenburgher, with a sandy visage, and a fiery spot on his cheek, who had lived so long, from a certain principle in the shape of scepticism, that he would have scrupled to affirm his own existence, and taught us to doubt ours, had we not possessed, to counterbalance this dangerous incredulity, good round Dr. Wems from Stuttgard, who believed every thing, even the Frankfort Gazette. We had a professor of theology, who privately professed Atheism; and a lecturer on jurisprudence who was eternally in love, and walked till he turned topsy-turvy all the heterogeneous furniture of his brain. But the most curious of all our originals was the head librarian, an old fashioned German professor, was to be found Dr. Hasenbein, who lectured on mathematics: an elderly man, who had contrived to combine the conscientious discharge of his duty to society by marrying and becoming a father, with what he looked upon as a providential escape from the plague and company of womankind.

His poor wife (whom some said he chose for being of a consumptive habit) only lived to give birth to a daughter; and as the nurse whom he had taken home under his roof threatened equal annoyance to the parent, and neglect to the hapless cradling itself, one of those calumniated maiden aunts, whose gratuitous labors in the cause of benevolence and society are shamefully under-rated, stepped forward to their mutual relief, and educated the lonely little Rose with the zeal and tenderness of a mother. During her life, and while his daughter's, like other "angel visits," were "few and far between," the father sometimes listened to Euclid, or the Allgemeine Zeitung, to admire the rapid growth and striking beauty of his child: and provided she neither disturbed the sacred dust of his book shelves, nor interrupted his afternoon nap, rather enjoyed than tolerated her innocent vivacity. When, however, on the sudden death of Rose's maternal friend, Dr. Mullner became involved in the necessary evil of a young woman's constant residence under his own roof, such an infringement on his scientific leisure proved almost too much for his philosophy. Naturally upright and well meaning, he entertained a high idea of the parental character, and forthwith set about the discharge of its supposed functions with that ludicrous sort of half importance, half distress, you have all no doubt admired in the luckless hen, whose instinctive ideas of right and wrong are totally set at fault by the aberrations of a brood of truant ducklings, or rather, considering the solitary nature of his parental solicitude, perhaps more like the illustration of a hen with one chick, may be all more appropriate.

Fortunately for the hapless doctor, his pupil was of a most gentle and docile disposition, and would, in her own person, have been but a slender tax upon his surveillance; but unluckily that person, one of such extraordinary beauty, as to render it the general mark for the whole fire of University gallantries, and Rose could not stir out without being followed by a troop of Burschen, whom not all the terrors of the father's wrath could prevent from fluttering around his treasure. If she went to church, billets doux dropped from between the leaves of her own prayer-book if she staid at home, copies of verses flew in at the windows. They were fragrantly and classically inserted in the bouquets of flower-vendors; and vulgarly, but ingeniously imbedded in the very heart of the brown loaf. When the alarmed father, in a transport of parental anxiety, immured his fair charge from amusement and society, his windows were unceremoniously broken, and his barbarity celebrated under them at midnight, in strains of true Burschen eloquence, murderous alike of sleep and algebra. If, to get rid of these serenades, and restore the smiles to Rose's lovely cheek, he permitted her again to join her companions, his fancy was haunted by images almost alike formidable, of boyish bridegrooms or more experienced seducers. In short, the life of the poor professor was rendered a burden and the mathematical precision of his ideas so cruelly unhinged, as to be utterly incapable of demonstrating his sole proposition, viz that one daughter is equal to any given number of devils!

At length, one evening, after a more than usually refreshing and invigorating day, ushered in by the dulcet voice of poor Rose, performing her daily task of reading the Frankfort Gazette, till the nasal organs of her auditor informed her that her functions had terminated, Dr. Mullner found himself as it were, inspired with the brilliant idea of putting an end at once to his anxieties and responsibility by one decisive step. If so many idle and penniless youths aspired to the favor of Rose, might not such a one, as his own, more adequately appreciated by and more appropriately bestowed on a man of sense and substance, supposing, indeed such a person could be induced to submit to the inconveniences of matrimony? There lived next door a certain Dr. Voss, towards whom he was attracted, no less by equality of age than congeniality of pursuits; and if, by the lure of a pretty bride, and a very tolerable German portion, he could succeed in transferring to the astronomical chair the incumbrance which had nearly worn the mathematical one, he flattered himself he should admirably discharge, his duty as a parent, without losing the duty society of his daughter, or even (till engrossed by the cares of a family) her duly appreciated services in reading the newspapers, as Dr. Voss neither felt nor pretended to any interest in the revolutions of our paltry planet.

Seizing, therefore, his gold-headed cane, and replacing the wig, which, during his siesta usually reposed on its gilt nerve pedestal, he marched, with all the confidence of an able tactician, to invade the unseen sanctorum of his retired and taciturn neighbour.

Dr. Voss though for some time past deeply immersed in a series of very ingenious and plausible speculations on the probable climate, productions, and inhabitants of the planet Venus, troubled himself as little as any one about his influence on affairs here below; and would have conceived an ecclesiastic actual to her where in search of further information, nearly as possible, and for as rational, than a voyage in the nether world in quest of a wife. The probability of such undesired honour being "thrust upon him," entered quite as little into his contemplation; and the unusual appearance of Dr. Mullner, at an hour which he rigidly dedicated to abstruse st dies could only be thought, in consequence an interesting confidence on some of the arcana of their sister sciences. This opinion was confirmed, when, after some elaborate Ah Bestiah compliments, and a practical contest who should not occupy the equally old-fashioned arm-chair, Dr. Mullner informed his host that he had come to trouble him with a proposition. No other proposition than those of Euclid ever he a moment crossed the astronomer's thoughts and he tranquilly replied, in astonishment at being consulted by one so much better qualified. Perceiving the astonished Dr. Voss's scientific apprehensions, and a little ashamed of baulking them Dr. Mullner was driven to a new tack.—"I have a daughter, Dr. Voss"—This was answered by a look indicative at first of pure surprise, and then, apparently subsiding into suppressed satisfaction that the misfortune was not mutual.—"This Heidelberg is a sad place, Dr. Voss, and the Burschen surely more than ordinarily wild and troublesome"—Ay, indeed" echoed the other vehemently; "is that last outrageous business in the College, they narrowly endangered the great telescope and there are but two men in Germany who could repair it."—"Ah! but Dr. Voss, still it could have been repaired, but the heaven and peace of families once injured, is irreparable! My daughter is terribly beautiful"—Dr. Voss, perceiving that something was expected in the way of a remark, replied by a Latin quotation on the constellation Virgo, and added, "I am not in the habit of looking at young ladies, but I have heard Fraulein Mullner named after supper, even by professors"—"Do you say so, Dr. Voss? It is the ambition of my life to marry her to a professor, a man of understanding and probity, who will make her a good husband, and who, I am sure, in return will have a good wife; Rose, thanks to her deceased aunt, is an excellent house-wife, knits stockings to admiration, and—" he was going to add, "reads the newspapers like an angel," but Voss was no politician, so he suppressed his favourite accomplishment.

Voss, in the innocence of his heart, though only wondering a man like Mullner could suffer such a trifle to interfere with his more important pursuits, began to sense over various professors unprovided with helpmates, particularly the sceptic theologian, and dancing girls consult already mentioned: but, as at each suggestion his colleague shook his head disconsolately, he seemed quite at a stand, and incapable of further counsel. The case grew desperate, and gathering courage from despair, Dr. Mullner came to the point.—"My dear Voss, your modesty surely blinds you to my paternal preference. You are the man I have cast my eyes upon as the most desirable husband for my only self met the prettiest girl in Germany. If such a bride, and a sum of thousand rix dollars with her, can gild the pill of matrimony, she is yours, and you will have the pleasure of obliging an old friend into the bargain."

Next to the discovery of a lunar atmosphere or the unexpected avatar of one of the best calculated and best bearded of the comet race, nothing could have been more astounding to Dr. Voss, than this abrupt proposal to involve him in the cares of ordinary household raging! He was not, however, so irremediably engrossed with celestial affairs as to be wholly insensible to an flattering a terrestrial prospect; and thanking Dr. Mullner for his favourable opinion, he stammered sometime about inclination, disparity of age, &c &c. It was now the father's turn to feel astonishment. That Rose should hesitate to accept so eligible a match, seemed quite beyond his comprehension, and he assured Dr. Voss that he had even heard her speak of him with high respect and veneration. How far this assurance was calculated to remove the astronomer's doubts, we shall not pretend to say; suffice it that he bowed acquiescence and left the delighted father to make the interesting discovery to its fair subject.

Rose, when her father returned, was sitting in the projecting bow-window, which, in our older cities, so charitably aids the curiosity of insiders of all ages, to see what is passing at the other end of the street. Groups of students were walking below; and among the many heads turned wistfully towards the well known window, one alone called forth a smile of bright from its fair occupant. Rose's knitting, in the mean time, had fallen on the ground, and a kitten was making, among its ravelled meshes, much the same havoc as Cupid was trying to effect in that strange complication of threads and fibres, the female heart. The doctor's step on the stairs, aroused his daughter from her delicious reverie, and the blow which next poor puss scampering out of the room, met its prompt retaliation on the clock which her mistress was destined to receive from the first words of her at all times awful parent.

"Rose!" said her father, with more than usual animation of tone and gesture, "I have just been settling a match for you. You are too young and pretty to remain unmarried in an idle place like this, and my good neighbour Dr. Voss, has kindly consented to break through his bachelor habits, to do me a favor, and secure you a good husband." There was no danger of an answer.—Rose was as incapable of making up her mind to the best of Archimedes which crowned her father's bookcase; nor could all that able mechanician's boasted levers have extorted one word from her terror sealed lips. "Don't be cast down, my dear child," said her father gaily, "at the prospect of leaving me: it is only next door, you know, and for sometime at least, you can read the Gazette as well, for politicians; it is his only fault."

A knock at the house-door came fortunately to operate a diversion in poor Rose's favour; and as he knew it to be her friend Constance come to summon her to her usual evening walk, she stammered out her name, and ran or rather stumbled down stairs to meet her. They left the house together, and it was not till they had climbed the steep ascent leading to the ruined chateau, and were embowered in the deepest recess of one of its shady alleys, that Rose found breath to answer her friend's inquiries, as to the cause of her very unusual agitation. Constance's astonishment was mingled with sympathetic indignation, and private disappointment; for she had long destined the gentle Rose for the bride of her only beloved brother, then a student at Heidelberg. This plan, she had finally flattered herself, might one day be crowned with success, as although her parents, rich bankers of Frankfort, would naturally prefer for their son a more brilliant alliance, yet the beauty and gentleness of Rose (for she perceived in moving to visit her, would, she doubted not, make a favourable impression on the old couple, and pave the way for a declaration on their son's sentiments. These skilful and cautious manœuvres were, however, totally disconcerted by the abrupt determination of the old Doctor, and nothing remained but to anticipate it, if possible, by a coup de main. The energy of Constance's character peculiarly qualified her to counsel and conduct; and having during their solitary walk, drawn from her disconsolate friend information of partiality towards her brother, sufficiently strong to justify the step she meditated, she left her, to seek a confidor, to whom she thought she might intrust the active part of the business.

A friendship, similar to that which bound her and Rose, subsisted between her brother and a youth named Freyling, who resided in the house of the same worthy Mr. Schroder, (Pro-rector of the college,) under whose roof Constance was at present living, on a visit to her brother. To Freyling she soon communicated the agreeable intelligence of Rose's approaching immolation, and entreated his assistance in stimulating her confident and unenterprising brother, to the exploit of carrying her off, taking upon herself the responsibility of the elopement, if it could once be fairly effected. Freyling, though himself once a devoted slave to the charms of Rose, had of late begun to find more congenial attractions in the frank manners and lively conversation of her friend. Visions of a possible alliance flashed pleasingly before his eyes: he listened to the singular proposal, and disposed him to overlook its rashness and eccentricity. The chief difficulty, of course, which presented itself to the two aspirant counsellors, arouse from the want of funds to carry the fair beyond the danger of immediate pursuit, until the marriage could be celebrated in a neighbouring territory. The Freyling undertook to obviate, and that without compromising the delicacy of his friend, by keeping him in ignorance of the mode of raising the supplies and after its success, of which he entertained little doubt. Recommending secrecy to his fair ally, he sought his fellow-students, at that hour usually assembled to practice gymnastic exercises in the court of the dilapidated chateau.

All the younger and nayer part of the Pro-rector's domestics having been attracted to the fete in the Schlossgarten, there only remained an old grey-headed servant, too little in the secrets of the family to feel any surprise at seeing three, instead of two pair-nagers step into the berlin: nor did the message left in Rose's name, that she had yielded to her friend's entreaty to accompany her the first stage, and return in the carriage, inspire him with the smallest doubt of its authenticity.

Off set the trio leaving many a time to exchange the sober jog-trot pace of Dr. Schroder's sleek horses, and the quick-repeated whistle of his agricultural Jehu, for a rapidity of motion savouring more of a bridal, and especially a stolen one. There was here, however, no immediate danger of pursuit; so they reigned themselves to their fate, and in due time reached Mannheim, which though a somewhat circuitous route to Frankfort, had been selected by the contrivers of the expedition, both from the facilities afforded by a large city for shaking off their simple characters, and as lying more directly in the way to a lonely village the residence of an uncle of Rose's, a primitive pastor, who, they flattered themselves, might save them the trouble of a further journey, and be induced to join the hands of the young couple, by the united eloquence of love, friendship and necessity.

On arriving at the hotel at the entrance of Mannheim where the carriage of Constance's father was to meet them, it was of course inquired for in vain: and the apparently annoyed travellers declining to sleep at the inn, set off, ostensibly, to pass the night at a friend's house, (where Rose was duly instructed to call in the morning for his hair charge,) but in reality to procure from another inn, at the opposite extremity of the town, the chaise and horses, which were to convey her long ere that hour, to her uncle's at Sandorf. To elude observation, as well as to baffle inquiry, should any be made, the anxious Constance and shrinking Rose ensconced themselves within a porte-cochere, until Conrad, having hired, in the character of a single traveller, the best post wagon and horses this second rate inn afforded, came to release them from their awkward situation, and they all gaily quitted Mannheim.

It was fortunate that a faint moon lent its glimmering aid to guide the stupid post-boy and sorry jades along the dreary sandy track which supplied the place of a road through a gloomy pine forest, where not even a round from their own wheels broke the midnight stillness of the scene. Rose would have been in despair at the novelty and strangeness of her situation, had she not sometimes given a thought to the interminable Frankfort Gazette. Ranzes, naturally timid, and sharing her anxiety, was silent; and even Constance wished the adventure well over.

The post-boy, though he had professed perfect acquaintance with the bye road leading to the village, got confusedly bewildered among the various tracks which crossed each other now amid the tall pines, now on the desolate open heath but ween—and the moon having now faded from them, a light in a distant window was joyfully hailed, and Conrad despatched to procure information as to the situation of Sandorf. Chance, on this occasion, as on some others, had proved the best of pilots; and the lover found himself, with no small joy, at the door of his uncle elect, who, equally studious though in a different department) with his academic brother, was consoling the midnight oil over sundry choice morceaux of Hebrew lore, with which he was in the habit of occasionally edifying his parishioners. On a signal from Conrad, the carriage drew up to the door; and as no bustle (nearly unparalleled to the simple annals of Sandorf) threw the learned Hebraist and his primitive house keeper into paroxysms and painful surprise. Rose, utterly incapable of appearing in the character of a fugitive before an uncle, whose learning had invested him in her eyes with a character little less awful than her father's, remained trembling in the carriage, supported by Conrad, while Constance, who saw matters were requisite to the success of her scheme, presented herself before the astounded presbyter, "Reverend sir," said she, "this is no time for apologies or explanations. You are of course interested in the welfare of your brother's daughter, the lovely and amiable Rose; and jealous of the honor of your respectable family. A youth, belonging to me, equally reputable and more wealthy, has succeeded, with the assistance of his sister, in your absence, in carrying her off from Heidelberg, where her father was resolved to marry her to a man older than himself, and not half so good looking. The die is cast—Rose has eloped. The affair, to-morrow morning will ring from Heidelberg to Frankfort whether we are hastening; and it remains with you, whether I shall carry my friend there, indissolubly united to a deserving young man, or whether they shall wander farther in a very unpleasant situation, and owe to the casual good offices of a stranger their mutual happiness, and the only termination of which your niece's rash step now admits."

This reasoning, though rather vulnerable on some points, was, in the main unanswerable. The good pastor was little in the habit of arguing with young ladies, and so completely under the domain of an old one, that when his Dame Jacintha (previously won over below stairs by the sweet words of Ranzer, and the sweet looks of Rose) joined in recommending the measure, he could no longer withhold his consent. Rose, more dead than alive, was then taken away by the sexton, hastily roused from sleep to act in the double capacity of father and witness, became the wife of the transported Ranzer, and the sister of her faithful Constance.

A bumper of Rhein-wine, older than the bride, was the only refreshment the trio had leisure or inclination to partake of, being most anxious by reaching Frankfort early to anticipate those rumours which a few hours must circulate in every coffee-house and tea-room of the place, and even in every public vehicle, and then

Mr. Brook's Letters.

THINGS IN ENGLAND.—No. X.

JUNE 15, 1835.

I write you from a place called Pairley Bridge,—a little English village ugly enough to the eyes—as almost all their villages are—on the river Nidd,—a river with something more than a thimble full of water in it. It was quite dark, made so by a Scotch mist, when we reached here on foot,—and made for a little Public House, in which there was a collection of Yorkshiremen discussing something or other over their mugs of beer, but in a tongue which was all Greek to me, for I could not even *guess* out one word in forty, as they rattled off together word after wo d with amazing volubility. This is England then, thought I—this is the place where such pure English is spoken, that English travellers come over to us, and ridicule the mass of our countrymen who do not speak by line and rule, not one of whom, however, can but be easily understood. This is the boasted English language of an Englishman's home—this gibberish here,—this broad-mouthed jargon, that an Englishman himself cannot understand at all! I listened with astonishment. I had no idea that there was a race of men on earth who pretend to speak English, that spoke such English as this. Upon my word I could not even guess what was the topic of their earnest conversation, for the rattling of their "clog shune," as they call them, (shoes with wooden soles) was as intelligible to me as the music of their throats. But more of this by and by.

At York I resolved upon a new way of travelling. In coaches and steamboats, every body travels—but I came to England to *see the people* of England, and them I mean to see, cost whatsoever it labor it may. I therefore sent my portmanteau on to Edinburgh, (a portmanteau or valise is all I ever taken in travelling, and that holds twice as many things as are necessary to go over the world with, if one has a depot in some principal places—the top of ones hat is quite large enough,—and a portmanteau will hold an entire change of clothes, Sunday dress and all)—and then I bade adieu to coaches and made for the bye ways, and crooked ways, with only my surtout under my arm—and my hit'e writing materials in one of its pockets, holding paper, pen, ink, sealing wax, wafers, seals, pencil, rule, and line, pins, needles, silk, false collars, and other not ons. Thus armed add equipped, I sallied forth for the heart of Yorkshire. Pague on a coach—we had not walked two miles before one passing by tempted us in, for we had not philosophy enough as yet to resist such a temptation. We rode to Ripon about twenty miles, I believe,—over a very good road,—passing one place where a few poor retired gentlemen lived on an estate which had been devoted by bequest for such a purpose, with other funds to keep up the establishment, and observing nothing very remarkable unless it was some hordes of Irish laborers coming over in search of work, begging, and chasing after our coach, crying for 'pennies' with broods of children in their train;—or patches of ground close on the road, outside of an estate, given to the poor of the parish to cultivate. By the way, the poor of England, considering their number, are wonderfully taken care of. An English beggar is seldom seen. Mendicity is often forbid by law, and mendicants are taken up as vagabonds. In the streets of London, placards are carried about all over the city, cautioning the public not to give, and stating that all the poor are provided for with work and food and clothing. Thus beggary is put down,—and but few pretend to beg in England unless they invent some *quid pro quo* in the way of a song—some little minerai or some pretty flower, which almost always opens one's heart.

I did not tarry long to look at the Cathedral or Minster, as it is called, for after having seen that of York, my curiosity was not very sharp,—and this was upon a much smaller scale. I gave the town of Ripon but a glance, and started for Studley Park some two or three miles ahead. The first view we had of this well known Park was after our emerging from some ugly villages, when all at once, we came upon a beautiful green, stretching as far as the eye could reach, studded here in irregular beauty, with wide spread elms of luxuriant foliage, and dotted all over with groups of deer and sheep grazing upon the matted grass. The spectator at first fancies he has stept into another sphere, so beautiful is every thing he sees about him. Here are grave walks—and under the shade of the trees, are circular seats where one could read in peace for hours. Over your head is the music of sweet toned birds, and by your feet is the sparkling and bubbling little river Skell. In yonder view, far down the vista of trees, are the Gothic pinnacles of the stately Minster, and above and beyond you on a little hill is a work of art. I wandered in the little woods, I surveyed the mansion, the chapel and its lodges. I took another view of the distant Minster, to obtain which the branches of the intervening trees have been lopped off,—and the Minster then seemed to spring up as from the wood. But all this delight was but trifling in the comparison with the more delicious view that soon opened upon us. We passed the lodge of the pleasure grounds—(in England almost all estates have grounds laid out in walks, highly adorned, and cultivated as pleasure grounds)—and after inscribing our names in an album, where I observed the names of many other Americans,—we entered what was indeed a fairy land. Such beauty my eyes never beheld. Here was a little mountain of laurel trimmed in the form of a pyramid. Now the river Skell branched out into a lake in whose waters were gliding the pike and the trout; anon it saunttered over an artificial water-fall. About me were the trees of many climes, and with others the American fir. Here was a hedge thickly grown, and skillfully trimmed. There was an opening in the little forest that opened to other forests still, or to another peep of the little river, or the little lake, with the green isles in its bosom. Here was a lawn shaded by some lofty oaks, and there was a thicket too wild to penetrate. Here was a ledgy precipice of fearful steepness,—and through this vista, some marble statue of some Roman god. Now I am on a little Hill, seated with some wide view below me, and anon, I am in a vale of luxuriant wealth. The birds are about me warbling their sweetest melody—the wind sighs plaintively through the thickly branching trees—the rippling of the rivulet over its bed of stone is heard—and I hear from this mound, (the Gothic seat, it is called,) and we see through this vista, sounds and things I never heard or saw before,—the note of the cuckoo—and the caw of the jackdaw, as it flutters about the ruins of an Abbey in the distance—the time-worn sides of which I can already see embraced in ivy.

A Ruin! all my fancy was aroused at the thought, and I hurried my guide from the seat here prepared to give the spectator the first view in the distance toward the lone walls of Fountain's Abbey. I had never seen a ruin of any magnitude before,—and oh, *how awful are such first impressions when met looking* at the time-worn, and crumbling walls and arches of such religious institutions. I hurried rapidly down the paths winding under thickly shadowing branches. I came to a bridge over the Skell, already in ruins, in which were growing stout trees, indicating its age, and so thick with earth and vegetation as to be concealed but for the water that is heard gurgling by the stones, that have fallen from the arch;—and soon I came to the lone Abbey in the glen, so far from the road—all hidden by woods and crags, all silence and desolation, as if here the very genius of solitude sat brooding in moody sovereignty. What a scene was about and above me! Loud was the croak of the rook and the jack-daw. This quivering arch hangs in threatening attitude. I am watching the little lad that is gathering pink seed to transplant to the pinnacles of the tower. I look with surprise at the grass and the trees high in air on the battlements of the walls. Here is the stony figure of a Norman Baron on a coffin of stone, which his friends fain believed would give him immortality and peace,—but his bones are gone, and he is forgotten long ago. This covering has been wrenched from another coffin,—and the very name of the once-proud nobleman is known no more. Over the earth where Abbot and Monk once trampled, the grass is growing, as if it had never been disturbed but by the shears of the scythe. The swallow is twittering in the cloisters,—and the ivy twines amid fantastic device, and sculptured arch. Art too, and man have done their best to add romance to this scene. An inner court is full of flowers, there cultivated within the walls, and thus by the very contrast, making even romance more romantic.

But I shall weary you, and cover sheets of paper, were I to attempt fully to describe this which I know, must be the most beautiful spot on earth. If I were a poet, I would beg of the owner, for a habitation—even a nook in the corner of the monstrous kitchen-fire place yet left standing, and if I had none of the poetic soul, the very inspiration of the scene about would give me one.

"I do love these ancient ruins;
We never tread upon them, but we set
Our foot upon some reverend history.'

But yet, thank God, we have no such monuments of priestly extortion in our own country—no such relics of a gloomy superstition, and sad corruption, for if history is true, the Monk and the Bacchanal here was one—the Abbey was a haram as well as a *House of God!* True, we have not such thought-inspiring solitudes for fancy to draw its visions in. Our history does not stretch backwards as Eng and's does, upon a thickly clustered Past,—but the American eye is on the Present and the Future. We have done, and we are doing what will lift us above the glory of Rome;—and when the time of a thousand years has consecrated it, the stupendous end of small beginnings will leave a harvest for Poetry and Fame.

This Abbey now in ruins, of which I have been speaking, once covered twelve acres of ground, including all its outworks. The very ruins now cover two acres. The Park and all stretch over an extent of 650 acres. It is now the property of a Miss Lawrence, or Mrs. Lawrence, as she is called, who is now 76 years of age. The property after her decease, descends to some Lord or other, whose name I have forgotten. The grounds were laid out and embellished by Mr. Aislabie at an immense expense. Mr. A. was for many years a member of Parliament. He annexed Fountain's Abbey to his estate by purchase. The expense of supporting them even now, in their present state would consume the income of almost any single rich man in America. Of course, such a property could not long be kept together where the law of Primogeniture did not prevail. I have said nothing here of numerous statues on the pleasure grounds—busts—nothing of the little edifices called Temples,—nothing of the gladiators, gods, and demigods, &c. became they are quite common affairs in the world—and I have not room to say half as much as might be said of this, which I repeat, must be the most beautiful place on earth.

With the eye amply gratified, and weary of reflection, I left the Park with my friend. All our baggage was with us. We did not care where we went, provided our course was west, toward the Lakes of England,—and therefore, taking the points of the compass, we struck into a bye-road leading to the heart of Yorkshire—and I have already told you that I am at Pairley Bridge. B.

Saturday Evening Post.

OCTOBER 17, 1835.

To Readers and Correspondents.

Will our correspondent at Chew's Landing take advantage of the first opportunity, and favor us with an interview? If this is not convenient we hope that the next letter from that place will be post-paid.

The essay by J. V. D. will be published.

A correspondent desires us to recommend to the inhabitants of Holmesburg, the construction of a branch rail-road from that village to the Philadelphia and Trenton rail-road, in order to avoid a fatiguing and unpleasant walk, particularly in wet weather. This improvement would doubtless prove a great convenience to persons who make frequent visits to Holmesburg and this city.

Lines by W. A. R.; A Sacred Song, by Ritchie; My Morning's Walk, by A. P. V. The Kiss, by Amicus, The Refusal, by B. and The Soldier's Song, by Ega, we decline inserting.

We respectfully decline entering into the arrangement proposed by H. M. D.

List of Insolvents,

Who have applied for the benefit of the Insolvent Laws of Pennsylvania, and who will be heard at the County Court House, corner of Sixth and Chesnut street on Wednesday, 21st of October, at 10 o'clock.

Richard Harbord, late baker per, corner 4th and Plum.
Thomas C. Williams, accountant, 11th and Market st.
Christopher Treen, blacksmith, Philadelphia county.
Daniel Weyman, plasterer, Northern Liberties.
Aneas M. Hoffer, dentist, 41 north 4th street.
Jacob Kesselerline, house carpenter, 34 north 3d street.
Frederick M. Smith brewer, 64 Cowhill street.
John Lucas, late inkeeper, Philadelphia county.
Daniel Morgan, waggoman, No 233 south 7th street.
John Micy, laborer, 13th street below Market street.
George C. Fickner, carter, Shippen near 3d street.
William Hoffman, blacksmith, Spring Garden st. between 10th and 11th streets.
Stephen G. Barber, county of Philadelphia.
John Hill, Lombard below 5th street.
James Butler, Jr. comb maker, Apple street.
John C. Henry, tin plate worker, 3th st. near Callowhill.
William Pollock, dry-man, 163 north Front street.
James McGinness, labourer, Schuylkill between Spruce and Locust.
J. R chard Gaines, boot cleaner, Mifflin street.
William Feked, rabbit maker, Kendle st. city of Philada.
Thos Finley, baker, corner of 12th and Shippen streets.
John Gamble, plasterer, South street above 11th.
Christopher Cox, carter, Ridge road, Philada. county.
James M. Wilson, carpenter, No 8 Quarrell's court.
Samuel P. Miles, blacksmith, 193 Chesnut street.
David Gibson, late grocer, 177 south 11th street.
George W. Anthony, mariner, 5 Ellreth alley.
Henry Vanmeter, carter, 73 north Water street
Samuel J. W liams, musician, 5 Loxley's court.
George Sneckman, jewel er, 40 Chesnut street.
Benjamin D. Goodwin, cordwainer, corner Garden and Noble street.
John C. Atkinson, laborer, Murray st. between Locust and Spruce streets.
William Maurer, carpenter, 18 Rachael street.
Perry Kelly, labourer, Arch near Broad street.
Robert Gilt apie, draysman, Old York road above George street.
Jacob Levan, late inn-keeper, 7th st. above Coates.
Henry S. Singlewood, cordwainer, Garden street above Callowhill.
Frederick F. Donnelly, victualler, 6th st. above Pop lane
Charles P. Ford, looking glass frame maker, back of 140 Poplar lane.
John Rudolph, carpenter, Schuylkill 6th above Callowhill street.
George Perry carpenter, Carlton st. above 12th.
Christian F. Orth, baker, Master st. between 3d and 4th
Isaac T. Tucker, cordwainer, Philada. county.
William White, cooper, corner of Budd and Laurel sts.
Isaac W. Smallwin, late innkeeper, Pine above 11th st.
Joseph Bond, blacksmith, Lewis st. city of Philada.
James Bristowell, millwright, Wood st. between 8th and 9th.
John W. Hansbury, carpenter, Market st. near Sch. 7th.
Robert Elliott, cordwainer, John above Coates st.
Hugh Morgan, cutler, 6th st. above Callowhill.
Alexander Davidson, currier, 291 Vine street.
Francis K. Watson, late merchant, late of Germantown, now Locust st. near Broad.
Joseph Wythes, late fancy store keeper, 3d st. below Catherine.
Jacob Mozer, laborer, Palmer st. near West.
James Caldwell, carter, near Schuylkill 3d and Ches. sts.
Joseph Nutt, bricklayer, Coates st. above 11th.
William Hart on, accountant, N. 9th st. above Market st.
Samuel Park, manager, N. E. corner Shippen and Swanson sts
Isaac Ann currier Lattleboy's court, Arch above 2d st.
George Gray, late distiller, now laborer, N. W. corner 7th South street.
Isaac M. Christopher, late merchant, 363 south 6th st.
Willet Smith, house carpenter, Mechanics st near Calvert.
James Ballantyne, accountant, Sch. 3d near George's st.
John Glenn, carpenter, Coates st. between 6th and 8th.
Samuel Hamilton, co rdwainer, 8 Bell's court.
Lewis Rush, jr. accountant, 175 Race street.
Charles S. Marks, hackman Vine st. between 12th and 13th streets.
Jacob Barnholt, victualler, corner Moris and 5th sts.
William Carson, ship carpenter, Kensington.
Martin Keller, waterman, Northern Liberties.
John Hackett, labo er, Penn Township.
Daniel S. Doyle, late coal dealer, 140 Race street.
John Walsh, weaver, Germantown road.
John V. Ballinger, cordwainer Charlotte street.
John Hover, laborer, Germantown road.
Charles P. Harmer, laborer, Otter street, Kensington.
Curtis R. Fisher, laborer, Acorn alley.
John Glenn, waterman, Northern Liberties.
Hugh McMichae', brick maker, intersection of Buck lane and Federal street.
John Agnew, laborer, county of Philada.
John D. Mish, cordwainer, county of Philada.
Joseph S. Servoss, hard are store keeper, Duke street.
Samuel Rinckoffer, ships right, Smith's alley
John Ferguson, tailor, 4th st. near Pop ar lane.
Wm Scout, laborer, Kensington, Philada. county.
John Harrison, cabinet maker, Water st. below Chesnut
John Bates, carpenter, 19 Chester street.
Henry Dutrcline, laborer, Northern Liberties.
John Willingmyre, cordwainer, N. 4th st. opposite Phoenix lane.
Peter Dougherty, laborer, Hoxsel st between 9th and 10th.
John Hildebrand, laborer, 82 Plum st. below 4th.
George P. Clifton, carpenter, corner Prune and 10th sts.
Andrew Reed, cordwainer, John st. between S. cond and Front.
Samuel White, lab rer, 130 Plum street.
Robert E. Haughton, carpenter, Plum st. between 4th and 5th street.
Job W. Folwell, late innkeeper, 310 S. 2d st. late of Delaware city.
Charles B. Garwood, labourer, Philada. county.
Barnard McCristel, weaver, do
David Warnock, weaver, do
Samuel Miller, carpenter, do
Peter D French, laborer, do
James Johnson, weaver, do
George Fraser, laborer, do
William Dolbey, late porter, do
Nicholas Smith, ship carpenter, do
Peter Haalem, cotton spinner, do
Gotlieb Meninger, victualler, do
Peter Monaghan, laborer, Fitzwater below 7th st.
Charles Tisdall, late grocer, Spruce below 2d st.
Henry McGeehan, laborer, Mantua Village
Peter White, laborer, 7 Green's court.
Edward McAvoy, laborer, Dunn st. Kensington.
Thomas B. Hazzard, brickla yer, 220 Wood street.
Michael Develin, blacksmith, Race st. between 6th and 7th.
John or Owen Reilly, dealer, Small st. between 6th and 7th.
Nathan P. George, painter, city of Philada.
John Moore weaver, 6th between Fitzwater and Shippen.
Benj. Scarfoss, tailor, 34 Noyamensing road.
Peter Chamberlain, confectioner, 396 north 2nd st.
Philip Fries, coach trimmer, 127 Coates street.
George Daniels, carpenter, county of Philada.
John McIntosh, cordwainer, do
Henry Segin, teacher, do
Henry Crockett, hackman, county of Philada.
William Davis, laborer, do
George Courter, bricklayer, do
George W. Wolf, laborer, do
James Carr cordwainer, 419 south 2d st.
Mich Blake, laborer, between Race and Vine and 5th and and 6th sts.
Abraham Julien, laborer, back of 93 St. Tamany st.
John Richmond, laborer, Bank at below Lehigh st. E. Kensington.
John Souder, sailor, E. Kensington.
Joseph Crockett, laborer, Fairmount
Jonathan Garton, mariner, Northern Liberties.
John Cu p, carter, Northern Liberties.
Jacob S. Cunis, bricklayer, Carpenter, st between 10th and 11th.
Saunders Gavit, laborer, Philada county.
Amasa B nton, bricklayer, 9th st. above Fitzwater.
James Murphy, carter, Pine st. above 13th
Constantine Swift, pedlar, corner Crabb and Shippen.
Joseph Eyqueen, ship carpenter, Queen st. Kensington.
Robert B. Magill, tailor, county of Philada.
Edmund M. Cavender, clerk, 8 Powell st.
James Ennis, laborer, county of Philada.
Jeremiah Goins, laborer, 8 h st. above Arch.
Catherine Tuberty, Broad st. near Arch.
Jacob Stemmler, laborer, on the Germantown road, between its intersection with 3d st. and Master st.
Charles Harrison, laborer, county of Philada.
Samuel Hoffman, pump maker.
John Stout, saddler, Passyunk road and 6th st.
Frederick Beneker, watermen, 472 St. John st. N. L.
Henry Ewing, stone cutter, Baker's Row, Kensington.
James Powell, porter, 7 Prune street.
Daniel Fuller, teacher, Noble st. above 3d st.
David Comfort, farmer, Byberry township.
John Dougherty, laborer, Lombard, be low Sch. Front st.
Wm. Beatty, tobacconist, 16 Swanwick st.
Jonathan Palmer, jr. scrivener, 167 Arch st.
Joseph West, carpenter, N. E corner of Sch. 2nd and Vine sts.
Joseph Winter, tailor, N. W. corner of 12th and Mongomery streets.
Samuel Wright, brushmaker, 225 Market st.
William Verner, coachman, corner of Walnut st. and Juniper lane.
Jeremiah Kelly, teacher, Laurel Hill. Penn Township.
William Proctor, late stove dealer, 92 st. house hotel, 39 north 2d st.
James Randall, late grocer, of the Northern Liberties.
John Bessonett, jr. late innkeeper, 4 north Ninth st.
Francis Prevost, grocer 43 Almond st.
Alva M. Holbrook, merchant, Golden Swan, 3d, above Arch st.
Samuel M. Sparks, ship wright, Hanover, bestween Beach and Queen sts. Kensington.
Thomas Wallace, trader, Francisville, Ridge road, near Girard's co lege
Thomas Oddenshaw, late grocer, 150 south 2d st.
John Sheridan, coach-maker, Madison st. between Race and Vine and 12th and 13th sts.
James Morrison, watchman Clay st. between Spruce and Pine and Beech and Willow sts
Thomas F. Adams, printer, Jacoby st.
Charles Mayer, cabinet maker 448 north Second st.
Mary Swanwood, 74 Penn st.
Thomas Ridgely, merchant, 986 Coates st.
Jones Owen, carriage driver, 303 Walnut st.
John Matlack, cordwainer, 13 Lombard street.
Charles Isard, accountant, 231 south Fourth st.
William Jaggers, late innkeeper, 4 Latetia court.
John H Beachell, jeweller, 239 north Third street.
George Miley, carter, 13th below Christian st.
John P. Dietz, tavern keeper, Washington Hotel, Kensington.
Joseph Seber, laborer, Roxborough township.
George Wengell, chair maker and painter, Phila. county.
William Reilly, baxter, 11 Pearl st.
John S mal, laborer, 8 Queen st.
Abraham Llewallen, drayman, Front above Brown st.
Christian Rittenhouse, laborer, Northern Liberties.
Thomas J. Young, laborer, Northern Liberties.
Eliza Greiley, brick maker, Northern Liberties.
Wm. Hiltner, labourer, Francisville, Philada. county.
Samuel Stock, victualler, Davis's court, N. L.
John Quinn, weaver, Lloyd st. west of Broad st.
Abraham Good, laborer, Calderees d'a court N L.
William Rees laborer, Schuylkill 6th above Wood st.
Charles W. Leech, clerk, Philada. county.
Richard Sandford, cordwainer, Philada. county.
Godlieb Herrman, wheelwright, Eighth near Callowhill.
Henry Young, blacksmith, Julian near Callowhill st.
John Flowers, brush maker, Callowhill near Fourth st.
Wm Lewin, frame maker, Fourth st. near Poplar lane.
John F. Smith, jeweller, Philada. county.
James Lyons, laborer, corner Bedford st. Moyamensing.
Wm. Stewart, painter and glazier, Mifflin st. below Thirteenth st.
Wm. Freeman, laborer, 80 Pine alley, Southwark.
Tilghman Darrah, porter, 5 Comb's alley.
Hall Briton, laborer, Thirteenth between Shippen and South st. Moyamensing.
Isaac Anderson, waterman, Coates below Budd st. N. L.
John Z. Brown, tailor, city of Philada.
James Scott, cordwainer, Spruce between Second and Front sts.
Isaac Hellman, carter, Vernon between Shippen and South sts. Southwark.
John Gladney, plumber, corner of Queen st. and Bird's alley, Southwark.
Thomas Moffett, laborer, 1 Young's court, back of Queen st. Southwark.
Elisha Scott, cutler, county of Philada.
Wm. N. Markel, house carpenter, late tavern keeper, Grape's court, near 8th and Market sts.
Thomas A. McGuire, house painter, Coates between 2d and 3d st. N. L.
Thomas Junk, boatman, back of Vine st. and between Front and the Schuylkill.
Ebenezer Johnson, sadler, county of Philada.
Edward Reilly, bricklayer, Moyamensing, Philada. county.
Oliver Campbell, laborer, Cochran st. between Shippen and Fitzwater and 12th and 13th sts. Moyamensing.
Wm. Watson, butter, city of Philada.
Samuel House, victualler, High and 13th sts.
Robert Winning, engineer, county of Philada.
John Marshall, gardener, Queen st. E. Kensington.
Edward C. Wetson, house carpenter, Olive st. between Brown and Coates st. and 12th and 13th sts.
John R. Howard, tailor, county of Philada.
John W. Scinaman, cordwainer, Christian below Front st.
Dilworth Young, cordwainer, John st. below Poplar lane.
Wm. Sinnera, cabinet maker, Elizabeth st. N. L.
Henry Reinecke, laborer, Vine between 12th and 13th sts.
John Lowther, carter, back of Walnut and George sts near 8th 3d. st.
James Pyle, book binder, county of Philada.
James Morrow, fireman, Callowhill between 8th and Garden st. Penn Township.
Wm. J. Griffith, lamp maker, 10th near Race st.
Thomas Kenlier, tailor, John's court between Willow and Callowhill, and 3d and 4th sts. N. L.
Joshua Pearson, dealer Blockley Township.
Wm. B. Tipton, cordwainer, back of 11th st. above Cherry alley.
Miles Burnes, printer, county of Philada.
Lewis Beamer, tobacconist, 3d below Queen st. Southwark.
Wm Stetler, house carpenter, Roxborough Township.
John A. Bender, bricklayer, city of Philada.
James Canman, ayer steiner, 6 Greenleaf court.
Edward S. Barnes, mariner, Penn near Pine st.
Jeremiah Souder, last maker, 14 Budd st. N. L.
Samuel W. Metzler, cordwainer, (late tavern keeper,) Coates above 10th st.
Beverly Copes, house carpenter, 18 Almond st.
Wm Geo. farmer, county of Philada.
John Bently, copper smith, Germantown road, West Kensington.
Arthur McGuigan, laborer, McDuffy st. between Lombard and Sou h and 2d and 3d sts.
Thomas Simpson, machine maker, Rush Hill.
John Deal, hair dresser, county of Philada.
Clayton Wilson, cordwainer, county of Philada.
John Supplee, cabinet maker, Kingsessing Township.
George Kleiser, house carpenter, Cresson's alley.
James Ware, mill maker, 9d below Washington street, Southwark.
David Tuffts, weaver, South near 13th st. Southwark.
Richmond Richardson, trader 48 north 4th st.
David Maxwell, house carpenter, Turner st. Southwark.
Jacob Johnson, hatter, Cherry above 5th st.
Robert McCulloch, cordwainer, Merret's lane, Southwark.
Henry McCormick, cordwainer, 2d below Carpenter st Southwark.
Moses Potts, laborer, county of Philada.
Wm. Scott, blacksmith, 7th below Race st.
James Welsh, laborer, county of Philada.
Wm. Gibney, laborer, county of Philada.
George Smith, saddler, St. Stephen's Avenue.
Samuel E. Shafer, cordwainer, 71mb st. Southwark.
Wm. R. Thomas, laborer, county of Philada.
Anthony Veke, late shop keeper, Almond st. wharf, Southwark.
Benjamin F. Bond, carder, city of Philada.

LITERARY NOTICES.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF SWITZERLAND.—Part seven of the "Tourista's guide through the Swiss and Italian Cantons," has been laid on our table. It contains the following plates—St. Peter's Island; Lake of Bienne; the Lake of Lucerne from the Righi; Village of Spluguen; and Gallery on the "Fete Noire," near Trient. All these are finished in the same superior style that we so highly commended in the engravings of the previous numbers.

ABORIGINAL PORT FOLIO.—The fifth number of this work has just appeared, embellished with portraits of Cut-ta-na-ta-tis, a celebrated chief of the Fox tribe, a young Miami chief, Pe-schi-co, a celebrated Chippeway chief, a Miami chief, Po-che-co, a Pottowattomie chief, She-she-ba, or the Little Duck, a celebrated Winnebago chief, Me-no-quet, a Pottowattomie chief, and a full length likeness of Francis Godfrey, a celebrated chief among the Miamis, half French and half Miami. The merits of this publication continues to be sustained with singular fidelity, each succeeding number presenting fresh novelty and attraction.

LAW'S SERIOUS CALL.—A new edition of Law's "Serious call to a devout and holy life," revised and abridged by Howard Malcolm, A. M. has just been published by W. D. Ticknor, of Boston, in a very neat and attractive form. This is a standard religious work, adapted to all orders of christians.

ORIGINAL POEM BY BYRON.—It was announced in a late London paper, that an unpublished poem of Lord Byron's, on the "natural history of love," had recently come into the possession of the editor of the London New Monthly Magazine, in which periodical it was published in August last. The poem will be found on our first page, but in giving it a place, we feel called upon to say that many persons have very strong doubts of its authenticity.

PAULDING'S WORKS.—The Harpers of New York, have just published volumes V. and VI of the complete works of James K. Paulding, Esq. containing "Letters from the South, by a Northern man. These letters are descriptive of customs, manners, scenery, in the interior of Virginia, and were originally published in 1817. They contain many spirited and graphic descriptions, and are regarded by some of Mr. Paulding's admirers, as the best efforts of his talents and genius. The style is racy and poetical, and the rich vein of humor flowing through the whole series, renders them delightfully interesting.

"Paul Ulrich," a new novel by Morris Mattson, Esq. of this city, will be published by the Harpers in the course of a week or two. We hope to be able to give an extract in our next paper.

"The European," is the title of a new weekly newspaper, edited by J. M. Moore, just commenced in New York—price $2 per annum. The editor says:

The objects of the paper are to keep up a more strict term of intimacy between this country and Europe than at present exists; not merely by publishing foreign intelligence, but by defending foreigners from insults, to which we have been occasionally subjected through the illiberality of a portion of the press, and by fairly advocating our claims to the native American, who, if he discards all prejudice in the examination, cannot fail to acknowledge them.

As Ireland has been the most slandered nation, so shall our columns be more devoted to its support than to any other. In the European Irishmen we will, at all events, have one uncompromising friend, whose voice shall never be suppressed while the tongue of slander, or the hand of oppression, is raised against them or their glorious country.

It shall be one of our constant endeavours to conciliate the friendship of the native American; and if we do this in a straight-forward and independent manner, we know he will like us all the better.

Horrible Business.—A letter from Covington, (Tenn.) published in the Worcester Palladium, says:—"The negro stealer takes the negro to the lower country, sells him for $800 or $1,000 cash, then tells the negro to run away and meet him at a place appointed, where they divide the money. He then takes him to another section of the country, and sells him again; the negro runs away, and they again divide the money. After having sold the negro in this way several times over, *he takes him into the woods, murders him, and takes the whole of the money.*"

Arrest of a Bank Robber.—We are informed that a man by the name of Fitzgerald was a few days since arrested in this city, by High Constable Hays, as an accomplice in the robbery of the Darien Branch Bank, at Savannah, in June last, of about $100,000. Several hundred dollars in Darien bills were in his possession at the time of his arrest. He confessed to the high constable his participation in the robbery, and disclosed to him the name of an accomplice now residing in Savannah; also, a spot in that city in which a large amount of the stolen money is buried. Officers Huntington and H. Hays left this city several days since for Savannah, for the purpose of securing the accomplice and the hidden treasure, should the information derived from Fitzgerald prove correct.—*N. Y. Jour. of Com.*

REGATTA.

The several clubs now entered for the Regatta are particularly requested to nominate to the committee their respective crews for the contest, on or before Saturday evening next, (17th) that their qualifications may be decided upon. Each club is privileged to name 6 more than the requisite crew, to provide against contingencies of sickness, &c.

Each club is requested to send a delegate to meet the committee at 8 o'clock, this evening, when the stations of the boats will be awarded.

By order of the Committee.

HOW TO DIDDLE THE PEARL STREET MERCHANTS.

In August, 1834, a young man by the name of Poe, from Fayetteville, North Carolina, came to New York to purchase goods for the commencement of business in his native state. He took lodgings at the Franklin Hotel in Broadway—mixed in the crowd of southern and western merchants, smoked his segar and told his anecdote with the best of them. In a short time he began to look around him and devise ways and means to purchase goods of our Pearl and Pine street merchants. He was a minor, but his looks told no tales on that point. He counted his ready money—it amounted to about $300. With this sum, he thought of contriving matters in such a way as to purchase $7000 or $8000 worth of various kinds of goods at least. But how this was to be done was the question. "Waiter," said he, "give me a segar!"—Segars are sometimes good for thinking. Accordingly he got a segar, took a seat out in front of the Franklin House, and appeared to be looking intently upon the Broadway passers.

In a short time he finished his segar and his reflections. He entered one of the Pearl st. stores to which he had a general letter of introduction in this form:—"The bearer, Mr. So-and so, is a young man of character and connections. He intends to begin business in Pittsborough, N. C. &c. &c." On the Pearl street people making inquiry, Mr. P. said, I have $1500 cash with me—I have also a legacy left me by my grandfather, which will amount to $2500. That I shall get next winter—I want to buy goods to the amount of $6000—I am about to succeed to an uncle's business in Pittsborough, who is going to Alabama."

The Pearl st. people, who are quite easy and sometimes too credulous, looked into the youth's face.—They could see nothing but ingenuousness. "Do you see the mark of the rogue in that eye?" "No I don't, I looked narrowly too." The representation of Poe was believed. He purchased goods to the full amount of his intentions. His $300 by judicious management procured a credit of $8000. He carried off the spoils to North Carolina. Instead of beginning business where he intended, he opened a store in Fayette. He sold off a large portion of his goods for cash. Before his bills were due in New York, he had the modesty to come back and try to get more on credit. "No, no," said the Pearl st. boys, "let us see how you come out with the first purchase."

Poe then returned quite put out with New York.—He directly set to work and sold the remainder of his goods at auction. The bills now became due. What was the astonishment of the New York creditors when they were returned protested for non-payment. Legal proceedings were immediately commenced against Poe in North Carolina. An action was brought against him, and his very father came into court with the big Family Bible to prove that he was a minor, thus cutting off all his New York creditors from ever receiving a shilling. It appears also that his legacy of $2500 was pure invention. Poe is now dashing about like a gentleman in Fayetteville on the property of the Pearl st. merchants.

Such is a single instance out of many cases, that occur every year. We trust that the gentlemen of Pearl street will not submit to such conduct with impunity. Let them go before the next Grand Jury—let Poe be indicted for obtaining goods on false pretences—and let the governor of New York be thus authorized to demand his body of the governor of North Carolina. A check must be put to such conduct, and now is the time to take a stand.—*N. Y. Herald.*

THE BARNEGAT PIRATES.

The United States Circuit Court at Trenton, N. J. commenced its sitting last week, before Judges Baldwin and Russell. The trials of the Barnegat Pirates having been announced to take place during the term, the court room was, on its being opened, more crowded than on ordinary occasions.

Garret D. Wall, Esq., appeared as counsel for the prosecution in the various cases set down for trial, and Samuel L. Southard, J. Randolph, and D. B. Ryall, Esqs., were engaged for the prisoners generally.

All the accused persons appeared in Court on their names being called over by the Clerk of Arraigns, except William Platt, *Esquire*, the justice of the peace, who, it will be recollected, was inculpated in the depredations and robberies to a much greater extent than any of his companions in crime. He was held to bail, himself, in the sum of four thousand dollars, and two sureties of two thousand dollars each, and his recognizances were of course, entered.

Abraham Russell, James Matthews, Andrew Gothell, and George Worth, not being ready for trial, gave bail in the sum, of one thousand dollars each and two sureties each in the same sum, for their appearance at the ensuing term of the Court.

John Hulbert was then put upon his trial for stealing a kedge anchor, on the 19th November, 1834, from the wreck of the Henry Franklin, on Long Beach, near Barnegat Inlet.

The testimony adduced for the prosecution embraced all the facts contained in our account of the plunders at the time of their being committed. The evidence was conclusive against the prisoner on three of the indictments, and on these the jury convicted him—returning a verdict of not guilty on the others.

The district attorney then drew up three more indictments against the prisoner for stealing coffee, soap, and mackerel, from the schooner Henry Franklin; and on these he will be forthwith arraigned and tried. Considerable interest appears to be felt in the trials throughout the State of New Jersey.—*N. Y. Times.*

Mysterious.—A good deal of anxiety has been produced by the absence of Henry Barlow, Cashier of the Commercial Bank of Albany, for more than a week, without any one knowing the cause. He was last seen on board the steamboat from Philadelphia for Newcastle, on Saturday morning Oct. 3d. Of course rumours are afloat of large defalcations, backed by the fact that Mr. B. has been recently a large operator in Stocks, particularly Mohawk, which fell some nineteen or twenty per cent. last Saturday.

The examination of his accounts this far, we understand, shows an embezzlement of $210,000, most of it effected by drafts on the Bank of America in this city, which he hastily overdrawn to the amount of $180,000 instead of $30,000 as his accounts represented. The Bank of America has long been in the practice of granting these loans, as that the circumstance excited no suspicion there. The capital of the Commercial Bank is $240,000.—*Jour. Com.*

Another Grand Rail Road Project.—We learn from the New Orleans Bee that it is in contemplation in that city to connect New Orleans with the Gulf of California on the Pacific by a rail road to run through Texas, via Natchitoches and Nacodoches and the gorge of the Rocky Mountains. It is computed, that by extending the contemplated rail road from New Orleans to Natchez and thence to Richmond there would be a continuous rail road of 1600 miles from New Orleans to New York, which would be travelled in four days! Should the rail road to California be effected, steam ships would communicate from the latter to China, Persia or the East Indies, and thus not only cut up the East India shipping of the Northern States, but render the projected route across the isthmus of Panama, unnecessary. Such a short and direct route to the Pacific, would also neutralize the efforts of the British Government to open a route through the Mediterranean, the Euphrates river, the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf.

NATIONAL COURAGE.

A work on military matters, by the late Prussian General, Carl Von Clausewitz, has lately been published in Europe—in which the principles of war are treated not only in a strategick point of view, but also with a reference to philosophical considerations. A writer in the Philadelphia National Gazette, in a review of the work, thus speaks:

The component parts of valour are divided by Clausewitz into six fractions; let us, therefore, take these ingredients to compose our "Barometer of National Courage." In order to accomplish this more easily, let us give to the whole, that is, to perfect valour, a supposed maximum, represented by a number, say 120—and then let 20 stand for each of the component parts. Then, adding together the various fractions possessed by each nation, let us turn to the aggregate, which will designate the comparative degree of the highest grade of valour exhibited by each. It would have been possible to carry the research still further, and to affix a graduated numerical value to each of the component parts, and in that case we should have attributed a greater specific gravity to some qualities than to others; but this would have plunged us too deeply into the mazes of theory. The following table will better illustrate our meaning:

BAROMETER OF NATIONAL COURAGE.

Nations.	QUALITIES. Permanent. Individual Obstinacy.	Permanent. Custom and Discipline.	Permanent. Patriotism.	Fugitive. Ambition.	Fugitive. Excitement.	Fugitive. Inflammation by Liquor.	Total.
Austria,	9	13	14	10	12	3	61
France,	81	12	13	14	10	4	77
Britain,	15	14	14	10	12	3	68
Germans Statue.	7	11	10	9	11	3	51
Italy,	5	7

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Robt. T. Bicksell, publisher of the Reporter, Counterfeit Detector, and Prices Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, OCT. 16, 1835.

ASHES.		Sugar-house	47 48
Pot.....cwt	3 00 3 25	do. N. York	49 50
Pearl	7 00 7 25	do. Philada	44 48
BUTTER.		do. Steam	48 50
Tub.....lb		Trinidad	33 34
Extra keg, No 1	12½ 13	Porto Rico	33 33
No. 1	12 12½	Eng. French la	28 31
No. 2	10 11	Hay & Muscovado	28 31
COAL.		MACKEREL.	
Lehigh.....ton	4 75 5 00	No. 1 bbl	8 00 8 25
Schuylkill	4 75 5 25	No. 2	7 00 7 25
COFFEE, duty...free		No. 3	4 75
Java	12½ 13½	OIL	
St. Domingo	11 11½	Linseed, A in from	
Porto Rico	12 13	store	98 1 00
Cuba	11½ 12	do Dutch	
Laguira	12 13	Whale, spm	43 45
Rio	11½ 12	Sperm, winter	1 05 1 10
COTTON duty 3 cts per lb		do summer	98 1 00
Louisiana	17 20	PLASTER PARIS	
Mobile	16½ 19	In Del'ware ton	2 75 3 00
N. Ala and Tenn	17½ 19	In Schuylkill	2 75 3 00
S. C. and Geo	17 20	SEEDS.	
N. C. and Va	17 20	Clover, bush	4 00 5 00
FREIGHTS		Flaxseed, rough	1 35 1 65
To Pittsburgh, per canal		do. clean coak	
100 lbs	1 12½ 1 50	Timothy, bbl	3 75 3 00
FLOUR and MEAL.		Herds, bush	
Superfine.....bbl	6 12½	Orchard grass	3 00
Fine	5 87½	WHISKEY	
Rye	4 25	Rye in bbls	31
Middling	4 25	do in hhds	33
Corn meal	3 87½ 4 00	do from waggons	34
do in hhds	18 75 19 00	WOOL	
GRAIN		Prime Saxony fleece	
Rye Pa	82 83		70 78
Rye Southern	81 82	Am washed full bld	69½ 67½
Wheat Pa	1 20 1 30	do ¾ blood	53 57½
do South bush	1 20	do ½ blood	50 52
Corn L. C. white	94 95	do ¼ and com	49½ 47½
do L. C. yellow	94 95	Am unwash. full bld	37 39
do U. C. round	97 98	do ¾ blood	36 37
Oats Pa	44	do ½ blood	32 33
Southern	42	do ¼ and com	30 28
Barley Eastern		Sup'r pulld lambs	54 56
do Pa		No. 1 do	48 47
HOPS		No. 2 do	33 37½
1st sort, 1835	16 17 20	No. 3 do	23 30
MOLASSES		Spa sheep R F & S	
New Orleans		do lambs	

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA

Saturday, October 17, 1835.

THE DWARFS.

The family of dwarfs, four in number, now to be seen at the Philadelphia Museum, in the Arcade, constitute an interesting group. The eldest of them, a man of twenty five years, is of the size of a boy five years old, and his two sisters of the ages of 19 and 16, are less. The fourth is a boy 8 years old, and is proportionably small. They are all well formed, with limbs fairly proportioned, and excepting the marks of age in the features, they would pass for small children. There is nothing in their appearance to offend the sight, and they have been seen by numerous visitors.

There are several curiosities in the American Museum, at the corner of Fifth and Chesnut street, well worthy of a visit. The automata of the musical lady the writing boy, the mouse, the walking figure, &c. are among the most wonderful specimens of mechanical skill and ingenuity, that have ever been exhibited in this country.

"The Bucks County Intelligencer," published at Doylestown, has been enlarged to the size of the daily sheets of this city. The Intelligencer is a well-conducted and entertaining paper, and richly deserves extensive patronage.

The citizens of Boston have caused a superb silver vase, of the value of fifteen hundred dollars, to be executed, for the purpose of presenting it to Daniel Webster, as a tribute to his exalted merit.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

Last Monday night a daring highway robbery was committed on the Point House Ferry road, below the city, and about half a mile from Spregel's Point House tavern. A young man named Aaron Waddington, a drover from Chautauque county, New York, having sold out the last of his droves of cattle, was on his return from Salem, N. J. to this city, and put up for a few days at Spregel's. On Monday evening he was induced to accompany a young man, (who had been employed there for a short time past as a bar-keeper,) on some errand to the city, and on their return, between 10 and 11 o'clock, P. M. they were waylaid, dragged from the gig, much maltreated, and Mr. W. robbed of twenty-three hundred dollars, the whole proceeds of the sale of his cattle, not leaving him a dollar.

The money was in Bank notes, the greater part of it in $100 bills of different Philadelphia and Chester County Banks, four $50 bills, one of them on the Bank of Delaware County, the balance in 20's, 10's, and 5's of different Banks, among them $10 on Salem Banking Company, $10 on the Chautauque County Bank, three of the $5 bills where endorsed "Green, Blackhorse Tavern." In the Pocket Book taken was a note drawn by W. Couch, dated Susquehanahoning in 1832.

A reward of three hundred dollars is offered by Mr. W. for the recovery of the money, or in proportion for the amount recovered. Brokers will please look out for the notes. Information left at the office of the Saturday Evening Post, No. 36 Carter's alley, will be thankfully received.

Marvin Marcy, who was convicted at Boston, on a charge of burning the Ursuline Convent, and sentenced to the state prison for life, has been pardoned by the Executive of Massachusetts. It is stated in the Boston Courier, that since Marcy has been in prison, he has been employed in cabinet-making. Having expressed a desire to finish an apprenticeship in that business, he has been indented to a cabinet-maker in Bridgewater. On receiving the executive pardon, he chose for a guardian a gentleman at East Cambridge, who had been uniformly friendly to his family. The judge of probate for Middlesex county was present, and attended to the legal forms required on the occasion; and the young man immediately set off for his future residence. We understand that one condition of the pardon is that he shall not, before the expiration of his apprenticeship, approach within fifteen miles of the scene of his youthful crime. The whole transaction has received the approbation of his mother and only surviving parent.

EXTENSIVE FRAUD.—There was quite an uproar among the brokers of Wall street, New York, on Monday last, caused by the sudden departure of a stock jobber, a defaulter to the amount of about 41,000 dollars. The Commercial Advertiser states, that the individual is a young Englishman, calling himself Wilding, who has figured to some extent in the stock-market lately, as well as in Broadway, where he made quite a show every day with green frock coat, red velvet waistcoat, low crowned hat, and great store of diamonds and safety chains. In the course of the morning he purchased stocks of one dealer to the amount of 30,000 dollars, and 11,000 of another, giving his checks in payments, but forgetting to make any deposites to meet those checks. He made sale of the scrip without a moment's delay, fingered the proceeds, amounting to 41,000 dollars, and instantly bolted. The roguery was discovered, of course, on presenting the checks—the mysmidons of the police were roused to the chase—and at 11 o'clock on the same evening, the gentleman was coolly ushered into the presence of the magistrates, having been arrested somewhere in the upper part of the city. He had removed from his lodgings, with bag and baggage, but his movements were neither rapid nor secret enough to evade the pursuit of the keen ministers of the law. A large part of the money was found upon his person.

The strangest part of this affair is the readiness of the brokers to suffer so large an amount of money to pass out of their hands, with no better security for repayment than the checks of an unknown dandy boy—a foreigner without connexions, or guarantees of any kind for his integrity, and who has been known, even by sight, only a few months in Wall street. In the slip published in the morning papers announcing his fraud and offering a reward for his apprehension, he is represented as no more than "about twenty years old."

TIN.—The appearance of this metal is familiar to every one from its extensive use for domestic purposes. When in a pure state, and recently melted, it has a bright shining surface, like silver, which, however, soon becomes tarnished by exposure to the air. Its specific gravity is nearly eight times that of an equal bulk of water, so that it is a little lighter than iron. It has very little tenacity, and cannot be drawn out into wire; but it is very malleable, being capable of being beaten out into leaves thinner than writing paper. It is the most ductile of all the metals, except mercury.

CHART OF BEAVER FALLS.—M. T. C. Gould, of Beaver county, has just published a chart of the Falls of Beaver, and adjacent country, from the Ohio river to the village of Brighton. The same sheet contains a full and satisfactory geographical and statistical sketch of that portion of western Pennsylvania, with particular reference to present improvements, the state of manufactures, &c. The price of the chart and description is 25 cents—copies may be obtained at this office.

To those who have taken any interest in the articles respecting the value of land in the vicinity of Beaver Falls, lately published in this paper, and to all who desire to make purchases in that section of country, the chart and geographical description, will prove a very valuable publication.

THE ROCK OF AGES.

In a brief notice of the villages of Holmesburg and Bustleton, a week or two since, we made reference to the Pennypack creek, a delightful little stream that runs through the north-east corner of Philadelphia county, affording power for numerous mill seites, and watering a picturesque and fertile tract of country, highly cultivated and thickly settled. A second visit to the neighbourhood, enables us to speak more particularly of some of the associations of this stream, which on that occasion either escaped our attention entirely, or were only slightly alluded to.

The most prominent curiosity on the Pennypack, is a cluster of huge rocks, standing immediately on the right bank, about seven miles from its mouth, and termed by some of the neighbouring inhabitants, "The Rock of Ages." Generally speaking, the country through which the Pennypack passes, though rolling and undulating, is not mountainous, and the valley of the creek being broad, the banks are generally low and level. At this place, however, a very high ridge, stretches forward to the edge of the stream, and then breaks abruptly off, into ledges and pillars of bleak rock, the cliffs of which project over the water below, and contrast finely with the gently-sloping meadows on the opposite bank. Of the "Rock of Ages," there are several tiers, piled irregularly one upon the other and side by side, sometimes projecting and sometimes receding, and clustered together in a wild and irregular manner, affording strong evidence of a terrible convulsion of nature, at an early period in the history of the world. Near the base of the mountain there are several extensive fissures in the rock, and huge pillars lie, with exposed seams, requiring, apparently, but a very slight effort, to detach them from the solid formation, and roll them into the bed of the stream. The summit of the rock is covered with a thick green moss, the beautiful carpet of nature, which the skill and ingenuity of man have never been able to imitate, and a thick growth of shrubbery and underwood, interspersed with trees of various foliage, which have found root in the cavities of the rock, entangle the whole mountain. Altogether the spot presents a most romantic and imposing appearance, and those who enjoy the beauties of nature in solitude, and love to ramble by the side of a sweet smiling stream, and over hills and dales that breathe the pure fragrance of autumnal flowers, the "Rock of Ages," and the adjacent country, are well worthy of a visit.

One of the fissures in the "Rock of Ages," is pointed out as the place where, during the troublesome times of the revolutionary war, an individual, proscribed by one of the contending parties, secreted himself from observation, sleeping, at night, on the shelf of a rock, after carefully covering himself with dry leaves. Some years ago, a young and interesting lady, residing in the neighbourhood, fell from the brow of the rock into the stream, and narrowly escaped a watery grave. Great care is necessary, in rambling over this elevation, in consequence of the slippery nature of the moss, which grows luxuriantly in all directions.

Some of the earliest settlements in this state were made on Pennypack creek, by a company of Swedes who reached our shores many years previous to the arrival of William Penn. The seite of the first mill, near Holmesburg, is distinctly remembered by several of the oldest inhabitants, and a portion of the walls of the second mill, on the premises of Mr. Verree, about two miles from the Rock, is still to be seen, though incorporated with the present edifice, now used as a rolling mill. This mill was built by Gwynn, one of the earliest Swedish settlers. During the revolution, all the farms in this vicinity were visited by foraging parties, sometimes from the British and sometimes from the American armies, and between them both, the farmers were constantly subjected to very heavy exactions and severe losses. A skirmish near Jenkintown, between a detachment of the British troops and Col. Morgan's corps of invincible Rangers, is still distinctly remembered by an aged and intelligent gentleman, with whom we lately had the pleasure of conversing. It took place near to a Friend's meeting-house, where a number of peaceable and pious Friends had assembled for religious meditation and divine worship. The contrast of their devotions, with the loud reports of musketry, the clashing of arms, the shouts of the soldiers, and the groans of the wounded and dying, must have been no less interesting than it was striking and painful.

About one mile from Bustleton, and not far from the Bapturion on the creek, in a retired and remarkably pretty situation, stands a substantial stone building, known as the Pennypack meeting-house, and occupied statedly, by a congregation of Baptists. The date of the building is recorded on a large flag stone, above the upper row of corinthian windows, upon which is also inscribed, "S. Jones, Pastor," an announcement which serves to show the primitive character of the founders of the church, and their devotion to their worthy "leader in Israel." Behind the meeting-house is an enclosure, in which numerous marble tomb stones mark the places where repose the last remains of many aged inhabitants, whose voices once mingled in the song of prayer and praise, that was heard within the walls of the edifice. And here too, rest in peace, the remains of the worthy and lamented Mr. Jones, who, after a long pilgrimage of usefulness, was called away to his Father's home in the azure skies. But though his voice is no longer heard in the pulpit, the memory of his virtues still lives in the hearts of those who once sat under his devout ministration, and drank in from his lips the words of wisdom and truth.

PROFITABLE BUSINESS.—The theatrical annals of this country do not present, in any one instance, a precedent to the brilliant success of Mademoiselle Celeste, the melo dramatic actress. Though her performances, which are all of the pantomime order, consist principally in a variety of antics and rather indecent positions on the stage, wherever she has appeared she has attracted crowds of admiring spectators. The annexed notice of her receipts, we take from the New York News:

On the 20th of November last, she for the second time arrived in America, and then made her debut in character before a New York audience. She was here received with unbounded applause, and continued to draw crowded houses for upwards of fifty successive nights. Since that time, and during the brief space of ten months, she has visited eight different theatres, and received for her services the almost incredible amount of thirty seven thousand two hundred and thirty dollars in sums as follows:

Bowery theatre,	New York,	$15,000
Tremont	Boston,	13,000
Chesnut and Arch street	Philadelphia,	5,500
Holliday street,	Baltimore,	1,800
Montreal and Quebec,		1,800
Albany,		130
		$37,230

She has never yet visited any of the theatres south of Baltimore, which it is, however, her intention to do during the present season, and should she meet with equal success during the remainder of her engagement at the Bowery, and at the New Orleans and other southern theatres, at which she shortly is to appear, she will probably realise, during the period of a single year, an amount exceeding fifty thousand dollars.

THE COMET.

The Comet is now visible to the naked eye, and may be seen immediately after sun-down, in the direction of N. N. W., about midway between the range of the Polar Star and the horizon.

We learn that shortly after the steam boat Swan left the wharf at New York on Saturday, with her passengers, for Philadelphia, there was a demand for a medical gentleman, and before the boat arrived at Elizabeth point, the ladies' cabin showed an increased vote, as the politicians say.

SILENCE.—Silence does not always mark wisdom. I was at dinner, some time ago, in company with a man, who listened to me and said nothing for a long time; but he nodded his head, and I thought him intelligent. At length towards the end of the dinner, some apple dumplings were placed on the table, and my man had no sooner seen them than he burst forth with—"Them's the jockeys for me!" I wish Spatzheim could have examined his head.

THE ELECTION.

Agreeably to law, an election was held in this city and county, and in the several counties of the state, on Tuesday last, for governor, members of the assembly, and county officers. In Philadelphia the polls were remarkably quiet, no disturbance of a serious character having occurred during the whole day and evening. The result of the election in the city and county, is the complete success of the Ritner or Whig nominations, by very large majorities. In the city proper, Ritner received 5042 votes, Wolf 1801, Muhlenburg 1351—Ritner's majority over both, 1890. In 1832 Mr. Ritner's majority over Gov. Wolf was 1299. Wattnough's majority for Sheriff is over 4,000 votes. We annex the city returns.

FOR GOVERNOR.

Wards.	Ritner.	Wolf.	Muhl.	Total.
Upper Delaware	300	151	137	691
Lower Delaware	387	129	111	637
High street	310	102	62	474
Chesnut	259	97	54	410
Walnut	232	60	38	330
Dock	313	84	64	461
Pine	264	67	73	492
New Market	387	157	126	610
North Mulberry	250	168	133	651
South Mulberry	378	130	93	601
North	482	167	102	752
Middle	294	129	61	474
South	343	91	54	488
Locust	391	115	173	672
Cedar	231	141	79	351
Totals	5042	1801	1351	8194

CITY TICKET.

Ritner.	SHERIFF.	Wolf.
John G. Watmough 5532	Thomas Weaver	1384
	SENATE.	
Abraham Miller 5052	John Miles	1438
	ASSEMBLY.	
Thomas S. Smith 5396	Hugh Dickson	1388
Charles B. Trego 5389	Robert Ewing	1352
Joseph B. Smith 5373	Alex. E. Dougherty	1459
Lewis Krumbhaar, ar 5385	Wm. C. Patterson	1483
James Hutchinson 5100	Anthony Simmons	1473
Henry S. Spackman 5395	George Smith	1474
William B. Reed 5396	William L. Hirst	1465
	SELECT COUNCIL.	
John Price Wetherill 5481	John Moss	1479
Lawrence Lewis 5170	John M. Hood	1480
Joseph R. Chandler 5308	Thomas Roney	1479
Henry J. Williams 5702	Peter Wager	1361
Thomas Dunlap 5777	Francis E. Brewster	1346
	COMMON COUNCIL.	
Henry Troth 5452	John Bell	1438
Frederick Fraley 5161	William Camm	1479
Merritt Canby 5447	John Horner	1356
Benj. H. Brewster 5441	David Boyd	1473
Peter Wright 5449	John D. Miles	1473
William Rawle, jr. 5457	Hugh Cattenwood	1473
Isaac Otis 5453	Theodore Molladay	1483
Thomas Lancaster, 5163	Edmund B. Mizzell	1483
Thomas Earp, 5461	John W. McGrath	1414
William T. Smith 5459	Rev. Lewis D. Bodder	1471
John Gilder 5432	T. M. Bryan	1501
James Rowland 5420	James Fearon	1410
Cornelius S. Smith 5403	John Tronbat	1476
John Thomason 5401	Samuel B. Perkins	1484
Charles Marshall 5468	A. R. Geesey	1474
John S. Warner 5465	Thomas Hopkins	1466
John Darragh 5435	John Dallam	1472
Henry Sailor 5425	Joseph Richards	1476
Charles S. Smith 5453	William Martin	1469
Davis B. Stacey 5433	Benjamin Wiley	1467
	COUNTY COMMISSIONER.	
Jacob Eaglemen 5119	Jacob Coller	1436
	AUDITOR.	
Joseph Plankinton 5354	William Bosorth	1465
	CORONER.	
John Dickerson 5140	John Dennis	1630
	MUHLENBERG TICKET.	
For Sheriff—James H. Hutchison		1305
Senate—William English		1428
	Assembly.	
Adam Ewerly 1367	Thomas Hagen	1342
William J. Leiper 1394	Lewis M. Troutman	1342
John W. Ashmead 1313	H. R. Kneass	1351
Benjamin Rush 1363		
	Select Council.	
John Horn 1299	Francis Shoemaker	1204
Lewis Taylor 1283	Frederick Stoever	1291
Robert Taylor 1310		
	Common Council.	
Isaac Wainwright 1363	John Rutherford, sr.	1303
John Horn 1315	Samuel Davis	1319
William Geiss 1432	David Clark	1310
Patrick Hayes 1317	John Dean	1306
James Robinson 1490	William Miller	131
James H. Cole 1323	Conrad Wile	1133
William Nassau, jr. 1315	Isaac Mount	1310
Samuel Porter 1309	Barnet Quinn	1298
Peter Benner 1314	Henry Shoemaker	1314
Andrew Flick 1398	Dr. Wil am Shaw	1306
For County Commissioner—William Sutton		1230
For Auditor—Peter A. Grotjan		1379
For Coroner—Francis Beelsford		1240
VOLUNTEER CANDIDATES.		
SHERIFF—Henry Zepp		35
Joseph Snyder		275

LEBANON COUNTY.—Ritner 1964, Muhlenburg 455, Wolf 621.

LANCASTER.—This county gives Ritner a majority of 2763.

MONTGOMERY.—It is said that this county gives Ritner a majority of 1200. The Whig senator in this county is elected.

LEHIGH.—Ritner 1862, Wolf 772, Muhlenburg 1143.

NORTHAMPTON.—Returns from the borough of Easton and three townships—Wolf 695, Ritner 638, Muhlenburg 96. In four other townships, Ritner has a majority of 335.

BERKS COUNTY.—Reading and Hamburg, give the following returns; Muhlenburg 1661, Wolf 304, Ritner 745.

So far as heard from Mr. Ritner is ahead of Gov Wolf about 17,000 votes.

RAG MONEY.

Most of our readers will recollect, it is probable, that some months ago, Mr. Barnabas Bates, assistant postmaster of New York, advertised that he would insure, for a small premium, the safety of any sums of money, remitted by mail from that office. As the mail is not, in all cases, a safe conveyance for money, a number of citizens of New York, having heavy remittances to make, availed themselves of this offer, and sent their funds through Mr. Bates's hands, paying him the required per centage. By the annexed report of a recent trial in New York, it will be seen that Mr. Bates has not always remitted the same money that was given him, but in one case at least, substituted other paper, liable to discount in the place in which it was sent. It was on this ground that the action was brought.

IMPORTANT TO MERCHANTS.—An action was tried in the court of Common Pleas on Thursday, to recover the sum of two hundred dollars of Mr. Barnabas Bates, the deputy post master of this city, under the following circumstances:—

The plaintiff, Mr. Robert L. Patterson, one of our most respectable merchants—being desirous of transmitting a large sum of money to a Mr. Charles Mc Farland of Columbus, Georgia, applied to the defendant to insure its safe delivery, at the same time offering to pay him a certain premium on the amount of the remittance for so doing. The terms were mutually agreed upon, and on the 13th of December, 1834, Mr. Patterson enclosed a sum of ten thousand dollars in a letter directed to his Columbus correspondent—the amount consisting of U. S. bank notes of a thousand dollars each. This letter and contents were delivered into the hands of Mr. Bates, who received also his stipulated commission—being twelve dollars and fifty cents. Three days after this transaction, the plaintiff sent to the same individual, an additional sum of ten thousand dollars, also in the U. S. bank notes, and under precisely similar circumstances and arrangements.

The separate enclosure reached their destination in due course of mail, but instead of the notes being of the U. S. bank, they were severally found to be bills on the Manhattan bank of this city, which were, in that part of the country, at that period (in the month of January in the present year) at a discount of one per cent. At this time the commissions of the U. S. bank were at par, and Mr. McFarland, of course, advised the plaintiff of the deficiency, and debited him with it. On being apprized of the facts communicated to him from Columbus, Mr. Patterson called upon Mr. Bates, and after remonstrating with him for substituting bills of a description different from those which had been entrusted to him for transportation, insisted upon being indemnified from any losses that might accrue in consequence of such an unauthorised proceeding. The defendant, as was alleged by the plaintiff's counsel, did make a promise to refund to Mr. Patterson any reasonable amount of discount that he was required to pay to Mr. McFarland—but on a demand subsequently being presented to him for the sum of two hundred dollars, he absolutely refused to settle it, or to concede to its equity or justice.

Under these circumstances, Mr. Patterson instituted the present suit, and conclusively established the facts as above stated.

For the defence, it was contended that Mr. Bates had not specially contracted to remit the actual notes deposited with him by the plaintiff, and that the covenant made by him only bound him to send to Mr. Mc Farland the sum of twenty thousand dollars of good and current money, without reference to the description or character of the bills. It was also insisted upon by the defendant's counsel, that the bills of the Manhattan bank were not properly at a discount in Georgia at the period of the remittances in question, but that, on the contrary, they were of as full currency and value as the notes of the United States bank.

At the conclusion of the testimony the counsel addressed the jury for their respective clients, and after a luminous charge from judge Ulshoeffer, on the law appertaining to the case before them, they retired to consider of their verdict, and in a few moments returned with an award in favor of the plaintiff, for the full amount of the claim, together with the costs.

Mr. Mallett, the postmaster at Providence, R. I. has furnished the Journal of that city, with a very lame reply to the charges we made against him in this paper of the 26th ult. He adduces the certificate of one of his clerks to prove that a printed notice, requesting us to stop Mr. Chace's paper, was sent to the office in 1831, [his memory is astonishingly retentive to recollect such an every day transaction for so long a time,] and to show that one of the papers was subsequently returned with the word "refused," marked on it. He also publishes a letter from Mr. Chace, in which he says that his paper was ordered to be discontinued "in the summer or fall of 1831."

These statements, whether they be true or false, do not at all bear upon the question. If a notice to discontinue Mr. Chace's paper was sent, it never reached this office, and the returning of a paper, deprived of its envelope, with the word "refused," is no notice at all, because it is next to impossible to tell from what post-office it came. Mr. Mallet clearly admits that only one notice to discontinue was sent us, and that he has been receiving Mr. Chace's paper, and devoting it to his own use, for over three years. This is the charge we originally made, and the charge that we now distinctly repeat, Mr. Mallet not having adduced the shadow of an assertion to refute it.

There is, however, one point in the post-master's communication, that deserves to be noticed. He says —"It is the practice of many publishers to continue sending their papers until old arrearages are paid up. In reply to a notice from this office a short time since, THE PUBLISHER says, 'You are informed that the papers sent to —— will be stopped when their accounts are paid, and not before.'" Now, Mr. Mallet either means to say that such a notice as the above was sent to him from this office, or to convey that idea. In either case, whether we regard it as a positive assertion, or only as an inference that such is our practice, the post-master says what is unequivocally false! Such a note he never received from us, and such a ridiculous fatality is not the custom of this office. We invariably discontinue all papers that are ordered to be stopped, because experience long ago convinced us of the difficulty of collecting arrearages by that course. This subterfuge of Mr. Mallet is therefore as false as it is contemptible, and it places his conduct in a still more odious light, as regards his duty as a public officer, and his honor as a gentlemen.

THEATRICAL.

Mr. Ternan's benefit, at the Chesnut street Theatre, on Saturday night, was well attended. At the close of the performances, in answer to a general call, Mr. T. appeared before the curtain, leading forward his accomplished lady, and in a short address, took leave of his Philadelphia friends. Mr. and Mrs. Ternan, will perform in Baltimore and Boston, and then commence a tour to the south and west, which will probably occupy the whole season.

Mr. Murdoch took a farewell benefit on Wednesday evening, and was honored with the presence of an unusually large and respectable audience. He played Young Rapid with spirit and effect, and elicited hearty applause. After the play the unanimous call of the house brought him out, and drew from him a speech of gratitude and thanks, marked with genuine feeling and unaffected simplicity. He is about to commence a professional tour to the south, and he has our best wishes for his success. He is one of the most useful performers on our boards.

Burton made a great mistake on Wednesday night in refusing to sing the Cork Leg, when called upon to do so by the audience. He should repair that error as soon as possible.

Mr. and Miss Cooper are now engaged at this house.

At the Walnut street Theatre, the performances during the past week, have secured large and fashionable audiences. Mrs. Knight, the vocalist, has been performing a short engagement, and as we understand, has consented to continue a few days longer, in consequence of the favour with which the play going community have rewarded her exertions to please. Yankee Hill is also engaged for a short period, and will make his appearance on Monday night. He, of course, should be warmly received. For this evening, two new dramas of rich and varied interest, will be produced, being for the benefit of Master Blanchard, in which the celebrated dogs will appear for the last time.

Wallack has been playing to thin houses in Baltimore. On the night of his benefit, the audience, insisted that he should come out and make a speech.—He did so—and spoke the following:—

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I appear before you at your call—I am unaccustomed to extemporaneous speaking—but, however reluctant I may usually be to address a public audience, I am free to confess that I never felt more embarrassment than on the present occasion. I am but a plain man, and speak the words of truth, notwithstanding my profession leads me so often to assume the garb of fiction. If I were to tell you that I leave Baltimore gratified, I should tell a lie —for, of the ten nights I have played in the city, this is the only good audience I have had the pleasure of witnessing—and you have my sincere thanks for honoring my name by your attendance this evening.

A pretty severe cut to the theatrical taste of Baltimore, but they probably deserve it.

Mr. Still, the vocalist, is giving concerts in Cincinnati.

Mademoiselle Celeste is at the flowery, New York. Dinneford is doing a good business in the Franklin Theatre. He has now with him Mrs. Duff, Mrs. Hamblin, Mr. Thayer, Mr. Blake and Mr. J. Sefton. Mr. Abbot, a very genteel performer, and Miss Phillips, are playing at the Park, where Mr. Hallo, an eminent comedian, just arrived from Europe, is about to commence an engagement.

Mrs. Sharpe, of New York, we understand has an engagement at Drury Lane. We hope this much esteemed actress will allow her friends to give her a farewell benefit, such as it should be before her departure.

The New York Star reports that Mrs. Wood has consented, on her return to New York, to play Ophelia, in Hamlet, on Placide's complimentary benefit night, and sing the original music, as she did in London.

ELECTION INCIDENTS.—Whilst some of our politicians were busily engaged, on Monday evening, in putting up large canvass placards, in front of their head quarters in Chesnut street, two negroes were observed to regard the proceedings with great attention.

"Wat dey dom' dare, Sambo," said one—"Gorra dey was goin' to bill anoder house outside de toder!"

"Why law, 'Sah, dose you no wat dat for? Dat dere's to hold de transluscency!"

The Wolf party in the Northern Liberties, put up in front of the Franklin House, a very pretty transparency, representing Gov. Wolf, with a book in his hand, surrounded by children—a large school house being in the back ground. Immediately opposite the Franklin house, an old lady who sold apples, cheenuts, &c. had a sign containing the words "STEAM OYSTERS."

One of the most active electioneers at the Northern Liberty Poll, wore a fustian coat, with pockets outside, which he kept constantly well supplied with tickets for the voters of his party, as they came on the ground. A wag, belonging to an opposing party, taking advantage of a favorable moment, put a handful of his own party tickets into the pockets of his opponent, who suspecting no such mischief, kept on dealing out votes as actively as ever. It was sometime before he discovered the trick, and when he did he had good sense enough to say very little about it.

A foreigner came up to the poll in the Seventh Ward, N. L. and tendered his vote. He was asked if he had been naturalized and answered in the affirmative, stating that his papers were at home. The inspectors desired him to bring his papers, but he refused for a long time, and got into a violent passion at what he was pleased to term an invasion of his rights. Finding, however, that the inspectors were not to be bullied, he went away and shortly returned with his papers, saying, as he threw them into the window, "there they are, d——n you, look at them!" On examining the papers they were found to be a ground rent deed, and a policy of insurance!

A case somewhat similar, occurred at one of the polls in the city, where a foreigner presented, as his naturalization papers, an application for the benefit of the insolvent laws!

Love Powder.—A man by the name of William Mott, of Akron, Ohio, advertises the elopement of his wife, gun, three hundred and forty dollars in cash together with other articles not recollected. He says she went away with a man by the name of Thomas Daniels, and adds, "it is my firm belief that the villain employed some secret charm, philter, or love powder, to procure the accomplishment of his infernal scheme." We have hitherto been rather faithless in the existence of love powder; but it has actually been discovered growing spontaneously in Ohio, we entreat good people of that region not to suffer any of the seed of it to come east, as it would be more troublesome here than the Canada thistle.—New Eng. Review.

COMMUNICATED.

THE DEAF AND DUMB.

Having copied into this Gazette of yesterday, from the New York Commercial Advertiser, an account of the restoration to hearing of a young man of twenty-seven years of age, who was born a deaf and dumb, by Dr. Webster, we applied to Dr. Togno of this city, for the result of some operations performed by him some months since, with which we were made acquainted at the time, and have been favoured by him with the following letter.

Philadelphia, Sept. 28, 1835.

Dear Sir,

In answer to your communication to-day, and in compliance with your request, I will trouble you with the following remarks.

You are right in your impression of my having stated to you, last February, the remarkable restoration of Albert Newsom's hearing, although a deaf and dumb individual twenty seven years of age. I moreover so far developed his powers of pronunciation, or speech as to enable him distinctly to utter various words and phrases. Several gentlemen witnessed these experiments, among whom I will name W. Sylvaine, Clement C. Biddle, Esqrs. and Mr. L. Meignen, Professor of Music. The precision with which Newsom uttered the simple elementary sounds as well as the diphongs of the English language, after receiving his first limited instruction, was highly gratifying. So far as I am acquainted, the individual here referred to is the first deaf and dumb ever restored to hearing in the United States.

Since the above case I had the good fortune in April last, to restore to hearing another deaf and dumb person. I allude to Miss Helena Lyman, of Northampton, Mass., only nine years old. Her powers of imitation, at this age, being very great, she soon, not only uttered, letter by letter, to utter all the elementary sounds of the English language, and before she returned home pronounced distinctly a catalogue of words, as we [as some phrases. She could distinguish time and pitch in music. Miss Lyman is the second deaf and dumb individual ever restored to hearing in this country. Her powers of discriminating the various sounds yielded by different bodies, was before she left Philadelphia very great; she could identify a body by the sound that it yielded.

There is no doubt in my mind, that at least one half of the deaf and dumb individuals now condemned to eternal deafness, by the generally prevailing ignorance, might be restored to hearing by an appropriate treatment. My professional labours have, for a long time, been devoted to the solution of this important problem to humanity, and I hope they may be crowned with success.

Very respectfully, your friend,

JOSEPH TOGNO, 98 Locust street.

It is due to Mr. Togno to say: that when first made acquainted with the case of Albert Newsom, we were desirous of supposing it to the public as the first instance of a cure effected in the United States, but that Dr. Togno objected to its being done until he had made some further experiments. We can also confirm his statement of the case of Miss Helena Lyman, whom we saw, and whose restoration so far as to hear distinctly the sound of a flute, was proved to our presence. oct 17—1t*

ORGAN.

The undersigned having been requested by the Organ Committee of the Church in Crown street, to examine and report their opinion of the Organ, built for the said church by Messrs. Corrie & Hubie, respectfully state that they have attended to that request, and take great pleasure in expressing their entire approval of the tone and workmanship of said organ: and believe, so far as it is their province to judge, that the builders have faithfully complied with their contract.

Oct. 1, 1835.

Signed, THOS. LOUD,
BENJ. CROSS,
CHAS. HOMMAN.

Having been lately gratified in hearing the excellent Organ built by Messrs. Corrie & Hubie, of this city, for the First Reformed Dutch Church in Crown street, while under the examination of a committee of professional gentlemen, who after subjecting it to the severest tests and the most critical investigation, have expressed their unqualified approbation of the taste and workmanship of the instrument, I give a description thereof for the information of that portion of readers who take an interest in whatever relates to the "concord of sweet sounds," or the augmentation of Philadelphia artists.

The Great Organ contains ten stops; compass from C C to f in alt. They are the double open diapason; the open and stopped diapasons, the roll de gamba; principal, twelfth; fifteenth; sesquialtra, with the three ranks and one hundred and sixty-two pipes; night horn and trumpet, with provision for the addition of a clarion when desired.

The Swell has eight stops:—the Open diapason, the Stopped diapason, the Dulciana; Principal, Flute Twelfth, Fifteenth; the Hautboy, with provision for the addition of a Clarionet.

The continuance of the keys down, or Choir Organ Base, is as follows:—The Open and Stopped diapasons; Principal Fifteenth, Flute and Bassoon.

The Pedale contain an octave and a fifth from C C C to G—comprising the double open diapason 16 feet; sub base 16 feet; and octave or open diapason 8 feet, with 32 pipes to each stop. There is a coupling stop which unites the two rows of finger keys at pleasure, and another to connect the pedals with the lower keys of the Great Organ; to which are added three shifting movements, the first of which (placed to the right) takes off the trumpet (and clarion) of the Great Organ. The second takes off the sesquialtra, twelfth and fifteenth of the Great Organ. The third (placed to the left of the other two) takes off the twelfth, fifteenth and hautboy of the swell, and the fifteenth and bassoon of the choir organ base.—These shifting movements are constructed on an entire new plan, so as to act with ease and certainty on the stops which they govern, without being sustained by the feet of the performer, leaving both feet at full liberty to act on the pedals and swell while said stops are off, which may instantly be brought on again without an interruption to the performer.

This instrument may safely be pronounced equal in all respects to any one of the same size and number of stops, in the United States, and in several respects superior; particularly in the purity and equality of tone, and in the mechanical ingenuity display

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

TO THE PRETTY GIRLS

Who read the Saturday Evening Post.

When girls are young, it should be sung,
Fresh blooming in their *beauty*,
They have the art, to win the heart,
To love them is a duty.

They're little Queens, while in their teens,
Rosy, plump and fair;
A precious gem, adored by men,
And courted everywhere.

It is the truth, their tender youth
The thoughts of bliss imparts;
Without the dazzling aid of wealth,
They captivate the heart.

At *twenty-four*, or something more,
These charms are lost; and then,
It is by their accomplishments,
They win the esteem of men.

This may protect, with pure respect,
The withering blighted roses;
But na'ar impart, the lashed dart,
Which cupid's bush discloses.

MORAL.

Esteem and *love* are different things
Each acting prompt from separate springs,
As much unlike as wit and beauty,
Or rapturous bliss, and filial duty.
And men are aware who chose a wife
To navigate their course through life,
But are content to know the most,
Tho' small the knowledge they can boast;
Thus maids of learning hold in check
The flames of *love* with cold respect,
A conquest tho' they make in part,
The head they win, but not the *heart*.

VICH ALPINO.

A Candidate for Confirmation.—At the late examination of children previous to the ceremony of confirmation at Oxmskirk, the following edifying colloquy took place between the vicar, and a girl from Burscough:—

Vicar—Who made?

Girl—Whoy, me fayther.

Vicar—I don't mean that; but who made your soul and body?

Girl—Whoy, Betty Roberts, deawn t'th'lane, made shirt, an' mother an' me made th' body.

Vicar—I had you'e as not fit to come here.

Girl—Noo! O thout so myseal, for ov'ro had a dreadful bowel complaint this fortnect.

AN ERRATUM.—Miss Fudge in her history of the Fudges in England, just published, says, that

"Though an angel should write, 'tis devils must print."

And gives the following instance of the havoc made by the printer in one of her effusions:

But a week or two since in my Ode upon Spring,
Which I meant to have made a most beautiful thing,
Where I talked of the "dew drops from freshly blown roses,"
The nasty things made it "*from freshly blown noses.*"

GIVE ME NEW PARTNERS.

BY LOUISA B. SHERIDAN.

Never tell me of "Friendships eternal—unchanging,"
That's all very well if in *love* I should fall;
But the friendship of ball-rooms for ever is ranging,
There must be *New Partners* to make a good ball!
'Tis useless exerting one's genius for flirting
With those who for ages have been at our call;
And we ne'er look so bright as in lover's *first* sight,
So give me new partners at every gay ball.

Oh, give me new partners! pray, bring me new partners!
Present me new partners at ev'ry gay ball:
And I'll tell you a secret (so pray don't repeat it!)
Unless I've new partners—I won't dance at all!

The first time of meeting, I'm ratis in repeating,
The pat standard jokes that we try with them all!
While the man by lasceyes and soft speeches implies
I'm Venus—or Pallas—at least for one ball!
His self he commends—while he cuts up his friends—
My partners "vain puppies," or "blockheads" he'll call:
Forgetting, poor man! say or do what he can,
He'll be just called the same at the next Almack's Ball!

So give me new partners, &c.

I dance not with cousins, who haunt one by dozens,
On family quarrels we'd certainly fall;
Nor with a friend's lover, for fear I'd discover
His thoughts were with *her*, instead of *me*, at the ball
Each family friend (to my het there's no end)
Shall find me engaged "twenty deep" if they call;
No lamp is so bright but *burns out in one night*—
Fresh lustres, new tunes, and new *beaux* for a ball!
So give me new partners, &c.

LONDON POLICE—A LEGAL LUMINARY.

John Brown, chimney sweep, better known among his fraternity as the "Chumney's Chancellor," was on Friday brought before Mr. Chambers, charged by the police with having grievously infringed a certain statute by bawling aloud in the public streets the words, "Sweep ho!"

The capture of the culprit having occurred under circumstances of vast importance in chimney sweeps in general, the defendant having in full meeting intimated that he had discovered that the fact was a very vile imposition, and that he was ready to volunteer and put his discovery to the proof, he was escorted to the office by several professors of the sable science, all anxious to learn the result of the experiment. As a preliminary step, the defendant had in the early part of the morning placed himself in the sight and hearing of a policeman in Berwick street, uplifting his voice and singing out "Soot ho!" with all his might. He was desired to desist, but he set the policeman at defiance, consequently it was found necessary to take him to the station house. The inspector, unwilling to detain him said he had no wish to press the charge if he would promise not to offend again; but the sooty hero resolutely declared he was determined to "try the question" and in order to give the opportunity he was brought to the office.

The charge having been stated, Mr. Chambers asked the defendant how he came to conduct himself in the manner he had done?

Brown.—Vy, your lordship, cause I knows the fact.

Mr. Chambers:—Then you must know that you are subject to a penalty every time you call out.

Brown (winking to his comrades)—Walker! The fact is I always carries in my pocket, perwides that no policeman can't take no chumbly svep without a warrant, or a summons, or summut of that ere sort. It so be that he has done such a transgression, vy it's regular breach of privilege, and an illegal wiolation of that constitution vich every Englishman is born with. Vere's the policeman's warrant, I says you?

Mr. Chambers:—Why you appear to be quite a lawyer.

Brown:—I should think so. I knows that ere fact from top to bottom. There aint no clause in whatever in it vich allows policeman to take such a summary course as vot he has done. He's got first to find out his address, that's the regular vay, and then proceed with a warrant or summons. Now I'm blowed if he ner nobody else knows vere I lives.

Mr. Chambers:—I can tell you, if you are brought here again I will soon settle the question. You must not continue to cry sweep in the street.

Brown:—Pings! won't and praps I vill; howsomever, I knows the fact.

Mr. Chambers ordered him to be discharged; and the "brittanic," who looked upon this as a kind of triumph, evinced their gratitude by adjourning to a neighbouring public house, and treating their chancellor with a double pot of heavy.

A JOLLIFICATION OF NOBLES.

The Mayor of New York, entertained a select party on Sunday week, to which were invited the most noble The Marquis of Waterford, Viscount Jocelyn, Lord Beresford, and Col. Dundas of the British Army. They remained till late hour, when on returning,

"Filled with the Tuscan Grape, and high in blood,"

they commenced a regular spree—breaking lamps, and windows and most unmercifully beating a luckless wight who happened to be passing by. The watchman who came up was furiously assailed; a reinforcement however arrived and the whole party was captured and taken to the watch-house.

For the following we are indebted to the N. Y. Herald.

Towards the hours of three and four in the morning they proceeded down Washington street as we have already described.

About four o'clock in the morning, Justice Hopson who is a remarkably early riser, proceeded to his office in the Park. On entering he heard a terrible ratket in one corner. Casting his eyes towards the place, he discovered four very gentlemanly looking men surrounded by a posse of watchmen. He immediately hurried to his seat on the bench.

"Watchmen," said the Justice, "bring up those men."

The watchmen proceeded to obey. "Off, you dirty fellow," said one. "Damn you," said another. "Knock him down," said a third, &c. &c.

"What's your name?" asked Justice Hopson.

"Lord Beresford," was the reply.

"Lord Beresford!" reiterated the Justice, looking over his specs. "Come now, none of this nonsense; your right name?"

"Beresford—Beresford is my name," said he; "here is Viscount Jocelyn, and there the Marquis of Waterford." "And mine, said another, is Colonel Dundas."

Here two of the Lords became very obstreperous and saucy to the Judge.

"Take them over to prison," said Justice Hopson. "Lord or no Lord, they shall not violate law and insult the bench."

Such another scene never took place. The whole corps of noble blood were placed by the audacious Justice Hopson in limbo.

After the young nobles found they were fairly caught in American law, they laughed heartily; went to prison, entered—cracked many a good joke—and talked and behaved like gentlemen again.

At ten o'clock, his Honor the Mayor, hearing of the escape, hastened to the prison, and had them all liberated. "Ah! Mr. Lawrence," said one of the youths, "this is all owing to your good gossip Sam wine. You are more guilty than we." "Well, well," said the Mayor, laughing, "Don't think the worse of us Americans because our laws pay no respect to persons."

"Certainly not," said Waterford, "we should have been served in the same way in the city of London."

Our nobility and gentry then proceeded to their apartments in the City Hotel—got rid of the perfumery of an American prison—and made a round of visits—talking, and laughing at their adventure like men of sense.

In the last London Quarterly there is an elaborate article on 'Gastronomy and Gastronomers,' that is, scientific cookery and scientific eaters, which is worthy of its subject. It gives a history of cookery, commences the most distinguished *artistes* of Paris and London, and reviews several late works on the art.—From one of these are quoted the following twelve rules for enjoying in perfection the pleasures of the table. We extract them for the benefit of all whom they may concern:

1. "Let not the number of the company exceed twelve, that the conversation may be constantly general.

2. "Let them be so selected that their occupations shall be varied, their tastes analogous, and with such points of contact that there shall be no necessity for the odious formality of presentation.

3. "Let the eating room be luxuriously lighted, the cloth remarkably clean (!!), and the atmosphere at the temperature of from thirteen to sixteen degrees of Réaumur.

4. "Let the men be *spiritual* without pretension—the women pleasant without too much coquetry.

5. "Let the dishes be exceedingly choice, but limited in number, and the wines of first quality, each in its degree.

6. "Let the order of progression be for the first, (the dishes,) from the most substantial to the lightest; and for the second (the wine) from the simplest to the most perfumed.

7. "Let the act of consumption be deliberate, the dinner being the last business of the day; and let the guests consider themselves as travellers who are to arrive together at the same place of destination.

8. "Let the coffee be hot, and the liqueurs *chosen by the master.*

9. "Let the saloon be large enough to admit a game at cards for those who cannot do without it, and so that there may, notwithstanding, remain space enough for a promenade colloquy.

10. "Let the party be destined by the charms of society, and animated by the hope that the evening will not pass without some ulterior enjoyment.

11. "Let the tea be not too strong; let the toast be scientifically buttered, and the punch carefully prepared.

12. "Let not the retreat commence before eleven, but let every body be in bed by twelve.

"If any one has been present at a party uniting these twelve requisites, he may boast of having been present at his own apotheosis."

Extracts from Coleridge's "Table Talk."

Love.—Every one who has been in love, knows that the passion is strengthened, and the appetite weakened in the absence of the beloved object, and that the reverse is the case in her presence. * * * * What is Love but Youth and Hope embracing, and as soon as one?

History.—If men could learn from history, what lessons it might teach us! But passion and party blind our eyes, and the light which experience gives is a lantern on the stern, which shines on the waves behind us!

Metaphysics.—No studies gives such a power of distinguishing as metaphysical, and in their natural and unperverted tendency they are ennobling and exalting—Some such studies are wanted to counteract the operation of legal studies and practice, which sharpen, indeed, but, like a grinding-stone, narrow whilst they sharpen.

Keenness and Subtlety.—Few men of genius are keen; but almost every man of genius is subtle. If you ask me the difference between keenness and subtlety, I answer, that it is the difference between a point and an edge. To split a hair is no proof of subtlety; for subtlety acts in distinguishing differences—in showing that two things apparently one are in fact two; whereas, to split a hair is to cause division, and not to ascertain difference.

From the Liverpool Correspondent of the New York Star.

LADY BLESSINGTON.

Mr. Willis has made the American public pretty well acquainted, by name, with that rara avis, the Countess of Blessington—whose maternal penchant for Count D'Orsay is pretty well known on both sides of the Atlantic. The countess is a fortunate woman! She is a native of Waterford, in Ireland, where her father—who still survives—kept a public house, where carters, laborers, and others of that quality used to resort for their morning glass of whiskey. Mr. Power was blessed with two fair daughters, one of whom is the fair widow, the other is Viscountess Canterbury. The elder Miss Power, albeit her father did keep a pot house, had the advantage of a pretty good education, —that is, she could read, write, and do a sum in arithmetic,—make a gown and a pudding,—dress herself or a hare,—sing a little, play the piano a little, and flirt a great deal! So many accomplishments ought make her rain, and the young lady would have been excessively so if the talents and acquirements of her younger sister (our dear Countess!) had not very much eclipsed her own. But the family were born under a lucky star:—a Mr. Home Purvis came, saw, and conquered the maiden—in an honourable way, for the girl was handsome and wary. After a siege of three days the maiden surrendered at discretion. Miss Power became Mrs. Home Purvis. The family objected, but, after a time she was received by them, on condition that, henceforward and forever, she should give the cut direct to her papa and family, as "shockingly vulgar, 'pon honor!" She had several children by Mr. Purvis, who went dead," one fine summer's day, and the widow looked so bewitching in her weeds, that Mr. Manners Sutton, then Speaker of the House of Commons, fell in love and duly married her. Last spring, her husband was created Viscount Canterbury, and, of course, the eldevant Miss Power became Viscountess.

Her younger sister was seen by a Captain Freeman, of the Navy, who married her, and expended much money and pains on giving her, after marriage, the best education money or pains could bestow. She lived with him, some years, and by him had a daughter—the wife to Count D'Orsay. She was really little more than a child when she was married to Captain Freeman, and, on his death, was very, very young. She always had a magnificent taste for expense, and as her husband's death left her a dowerless and unjointured widow, this taste seemed in a fair way of becoming intruded upon, by a want of "the supplies." Her beauty and her accomplishments—both very considerable—had attracted some notice, and a gentleman of fortune swore that, as he loved her too well to marry her, he would make himself enviable and her happy, by answering her to the dignity of his *chere amie*. The lady hesitated a little—probably to enhance the value of consent—and then surrendered in due form. Extensive lodgings were taken for her at the house of a jeweller in Pall Mall, and a fitting establishment—carriages and attendants—placed at her command. In this situation, the Earl of Blessington—a young Irish Peer, with much wealth and little sense—saw and was smitten with her. He made overtures to her—to take her under his protection,—but the lady fought shy. This increased the passion,—she knew how to "pique him and soothe by turns,"—and, he still thinking she was a married woman (for she bore the name of her protector) endeavoured to make her elope with him. In the mean time, the twofold extravagance of the lady and her keeper had so much exhausted the funds of the latter, that he was dunned. It now became a matter of serious thought, how to the widow should continuance the addresses of the Earl.

His lordship had no idea, at the time, of marrying her, but the lady was clever—" but once deceived, and ever more deceiving!" she went to the jeweller with whom she lodged, boasted of her prospects, and and or swore, that, with his aid, she would be Countess in a month.—The men of diamonds was incredulous. The lady showed him letters from the Earl, penned in the ever fever-heat of love. The jeweller then took up the affair as a matter of business, and agreed to furnish the capital necessary for such a bold speculation. An elegant house was taken for her, a splendid sideboard of plate, servants, wines, a dashing carriage, &c. provided. In a word, the net was spread, and in a fortnight the bird was caught. Lord Blessington married the widow, and the friendly gem dealer had the supplying the nuptial jewels—to the tune of some £20,000. A marriage settlement of £4000 a year was made, provided the Countess was the survivor.

The newly married pair went on the continent, the first fruits of their tour was a small book of travels in Belgium, by the Countess, and a huge quarto by the Earl, written for him by his wife! They took the tour of a great part of Europe,—the Countess's daughter got a husband, Count D'Orsay who found "metal more attractive" in his fair mother-in-law! The subsequent "love passages" between her ladyship and "poor dear Byron," as she called him, are pretty well known. She keeps up a handsome establishment in London—a much visited by gentlemen, but by very few ladies. Indeed, I doubt whether her own sister, the Countess of Canterbury, speaks to or visits her ladyship. Such is a brief sketch of the career of Lady Blessington—half-sister, I understand, to Power, the excellent Irish Actor.

INFLUENCE OF MUSIC ON THE MIND.—A gentleman in Yorkshire many years ago, who was first stupified, afterwards became insane, upon the sudden loss of his property. This gentleman could hardly be said to live —he merely vegetated, for he was motionless until pushed, and did not speak to or notice any body in the house for nearly four months. The first indication of a return of any sense, appeared in his attention to music played in the street. This was observed, the second time he heard it, to have a more decided force in arousing him from his lethargy; and induced by this good omen, the sagacious humanity of his superintendent offered him a violin. He seized it eagerly, and amused himself with it constantly. After six weeks, hearing the patients pass by his door to their common room, he accosted them, "Good morning to you all, gentlemen, I am quite well, and I desire that I may accompany you." In two months more he was dismissed, cured. 18th H. Halford.

On the honorable Ada Byron becoming Lady King.
Fond Byron, living, might have judged, I ween,
His Ada worthy to be crown'd a Queen;
But who could e'er to have guessed so strange a thing,
As, that fair Ada should become a King!

THE DISGUISED LOVER.

My dear Tom had a natural affection for dirt, or rather dirt had an affection for Tom. It is to him what gold was to Midas; whatever he touched turned to dirt. No matter how white the cravat—no matter how immaculate the vest, the moment it comes within the sphere of Tom's influence, its whiteness is gone; it is immaculate no longer. Dogs, sweeps and lamplighters never pass him without leaving upon his breast unequivocal marks of their presence. Once, and once only, I saw him upon the street without encountering the wheels of a carriage. I opened my mouth to congratulate, and before I could utter one word, it was filled with mud. The careless blockhead lay at my feet, full length, in the gutter. At my earnest solicitation, he once purchased a suit precisely mud color. It was a rare idea. On leaving the street three times, he walked half a mile, and returned, in appearance at least, presentable. The thing was unprecedented. True, he was we caused by the affectionate caresses of a dog that had been enjoying the coolness of a neighboring horse-pond; true, he received a shower bath from the wheels of an omnibus. But to plaster mud on Tom's new coat, was "to gild refined gold—to paint the lily," I said, as I witnessed the success of my plan.

In about half an hour, it was my fate to meet a gentleman with seven stripes of green paint on his back—it was friend Tom; he had been leaning against some newly painted window blind.

His man Cæsar declares, that he can't see de use of crack a boot wen he never stay brackled,' and his waiter-woman with a proper regard for her own reputation, has been compelled to discard him, not from any ill-will, but, as she declared with uplifted hands, 'if any one should ask me if I washed Mr. Smith's clothes, what could I tell them?' But there were very few things in this world which Tom could have more easily dispensed, than the services of his washerwoman.

Having no other amusement, one morning I strolled over to Tom's room. As I ascended the stairs, I heard his voice in a very decided tone, 'But it must be done, and so there is an end to it.'

'Really,' was the reply, 'any thing within the limits of possibility, but to make a coat in ten hours—I will *promise* any thing in the world, but I really fear I shall not be able to perform.'

'If double your price would be any object——'

'Certainly, sir, if you must spur it; certainly. I will put every man in my shop upon it; it shall be done in time—Good morning, sir.'

The door opened, and a fellow with shears and nine ounces passed out. What should Tom be doing with a tailor?

'Just the man I wanted to see,' he exclaimed. 'I require your advice up on a very important affair; which of these cravats do you think most becoming?' and he spread before me some half dozen of every hue and fashion.

'Now, what in the name of all that is wonderful, does this mean, Tom? A fancy ball, is it? You have chosen an excellent disguise; your nearest friends will not know you. But you cannot support that character: if you had taken that of a chimney sweep, now: but that would have been too natural. Tell me, truly Tom, what does all this mean.'

'Why, the fact is, Frank,' passing a hand through his hair, redolent of tar-water, 'I have concluded—I think I shall be a little more neat in future. You, doubtless, remember the good advice you gave me some time since; it has had an excellent effect I assure you.'

Now, it so happened, that of all the good advice I had ever given Tom, this was the first instance in which he had seen fit to follow it. So I could not attribute the metamorphosis of my friend, to my eloquence. Who but a woman ever changed him from a sloven to a fop.

'Pray, where are you going this evening,' I continued, 'that you must have a new coat so suddenly.'

'Going! on where, in particular, I had, indeed, some idea of calling on my old friend, Mr. Murray; no harm that I hope.'

Conviction began to flash upon me.

'Your old friend Mr. Murray; and his young niece, Miss Julia, has no share in your visit, I suppose; I heard that she arrived in town last night.'

'Now, upon my word, Frank you mistake me entirely—when I—that is, when I—I did not know any thing about it.'

'And so you were there last night, too! Really this is getting along bravely.'

'Why, the fact is, Frank, you must know every thing. I called last evening to see Murray on some business, about that real estate, you know. I had no more idea of meeting a woman than a box constructor; my beard was three days old; my collar dirty; and the rest of my dress in excellent keeping. I became engaged in conversation, and some how or other I forgot all about the real estate.'

'And so you are going again to-night—and that is the secret of your new coat?'

'By no means; I wanted a new coat, and tailors are always so long, you know. Do you think blue will become me? Blue is her favorite—that is—I mean blue.'

'Oh, go on, don't stammer—blue is her favorite color, is it?'

'The fact is Frank—take another glass of this wine—the fact is, I suppose—I rather fancy—I am a little in love. Try some of that sherry. What are the symptoms, Frank—queer feeling about the heart, and something which drives the blood through one like lightning!'

'Exactly! I believe I have seen Julia, short and chubby, is'nt she—with red hair, and a little squint eyed?'

Frank, I never did knock you down, though I have been tempted to do so a great many times; but if you don't stop your nonsense, I will.'

'Quite valiant in defence of your lady-love—Well, Tom, I will confess that she is a lovely girl, and to-morrow I will call and learn your success. So, good morning.

* * * * *

'Well, Tom, what success?'

'Would you believe it! she did not recognise me.'

'Not recognize you?'

'No. You know what a quiz that Murray is. As soon as he saw me enter dressed in such style, he came up, shook hands with me, and without giving me a chance to say a word, introduced me to Julia, as Mr. Frederick Somebody. And would you believe it—the witch did not know me. I think I should not forget her so easily. Nor was that all. Murray and something about the fellow who called the previous evening—a country cousin, he said, clever enough, but an incorrigible sloven. And Julia said, he preened like a barbarian. Just think of that Frank, a barbarian. She shall pay for that yet. Such eyes—and she steps like a queen. Well Frank, a clean collar does make a great difference, to a man's appearance. Lovely as Hebe herself. Terrible difference clean linen makes.

* * * * *

The last time I saw Tom, he was scolding his resident son for coming into the drawing room with muddy boots.

RURAL ECONOMIST.

Cultivation of Madder.—There are consumed in the counties of Oneida and Otsego by three manufacturing establishments, about two hundred and thirty four thousand pounds of Madder every three years. This article dug from the ground once in three years. Suppose each acre produced from 1500 to 2000 lbs., but say the former, on a common soil, it would require 156 acres of land to produce Madder for these establishments, and perhaps the remaining manufactories, cloth dressers, and families use half as much more, making in the whole 356,400 lbs., which at 15 cents per pound, the average price of best Dutch Madder for the last twelve years, is over $50,000. What a large sum to send to foreign countries, for an article which can be cultivated here as well as pointers! I am well aware that less than 156 acres will produce the above amount; as according to the quality of the land and cultivation, it will produce from 1500 to 2000 pounds of dry Madder, I think it would produce 2000 on land that will yield in a good year 50 bushels of corn to the acre. The whole cost of cultivation on the rich deep loam, my sandy loam, digging, washing, drying, grinding, rent of land, seed and interest of money, at 2000 pounds to the acre, will not exceed 7 cents per pound. There are without doubt, on most farms in these counties, a few acres of land at least suitable for the cultivation of this article. I consider that the demand will be for years unlimited; as there is not as yet in the circle of my acquaintance, more than twenty-five acres under cultivation, none of which are under my management. The price of American Madder, for three past years, has averaged about 23 cents, wholesale. The time for digging, as is also for selling the top roots, or seed, is from the 15th of September to the 15th of October; the price at this time is $3 per bushel, by the quantity.—These top roots are buried in the fall like potatoes, and planted the following spring in drills, six feet apart between the drills, (giving room for a crop of potatoes the first year,) and 12 or 18 inches apart in the drills. It is better to purchase the seed in the fall, as it will bear transportation much better when the bods are not much started,—and the price is considerably lower. The bottom roots are also dug at this time, and washed, (or rinsed if dug from a light soil,) dried, &c. I have, of three years old roots undergoing, 150 bushels, or enough to plant from 25 to 25 acres.—*N. Y. Cultivator.*

Turnips.—A mistaken notion very generally prevails, that the root can only be advantageously raised on new land; to be satisfied of the fallacy of this, it is only necessary to reflect, that it is cultivated to a greater extent, and with greater success, in the old countries of Europe, and in the older portions of the U. States, where it is almost exclusively sown on old land made fertile by manure, than elsewhere. It is sown either broadcast, or in drills, and cultivated with the hoe. The drill method is much to be preferred, especially where the object is to raise the largest quantity from the land sown. The land should be well manured and the earth well pulverised, the rows should be from eighteen inches to two feet apart, and the plants should stand at a distance of from six to twelve inches, according to the richness of the land, the seed should be covered lightly, and the earth pressed about them with the roller, spade or hoe, immediately after being sown, so soon as the plants are beyond the reach of the fly, or in the tough leaf, they should be carefully thined to the proper distance, taking special care to leave but one in a place, and after this, they should be kept clean by two or three hoeings, taking care not to bury the roots much below the surface of the earth by throwing earth to them, indeed the shallower they are covered, so that the plants stand upright, the better. By this mode of cultivat on, every family may raise enough for their tables on a small portion of their gardens, and another small portion, left standing in the ground and covered during the winter, will furnish an ample supply of early greens in the spring.—This root, especially the Swedish turnip, or Ruta Baga, may be advantageously cultivated on a large scale, as winter food for stock; they are peculiarly valuable for

Isaac Barton,

NO. 30 SOUTH SECOND STREET, PHILADA.

OFFERS for sale, at moderate prices, SILKS, consisting in part of Rich Figured assortment of French, Italian, English and India; including superior China Satins, and the whole of plain colours.

French and English Merino Cloths and Cassimeres; Merino, long and square shawls; Cashmere de Soie, and bombazet, Thibet, Norwich, and other Shawls.

Irish Linen Cambrics, suitable for Clothes; other Clothes, Linen sheets and Vestings.

Long Lawn and Damask Quilts, Counterpanes, Red Turkey Sheeting Linens, Worsted Damasks, Moreens, Furniture Chintzes and Dimity, Damask Table Linen, Napkins, and other furnishing articles—together with a general assortment of Muslins, Ginghams, Calicoes, Hosiery, Gloves, &c.

Also—Ratinetts and Cloths, for carriage linings.

oct 10—3mo.

Dr Chauncey's

VEGETABLE FEVER POWDERS.

A CERTAIN remedy for fevers, agues, or any billious complaint—☞ SELDOM MORE THAN ONE DOSE.☜ and never more than three doses required to break any fever or ague. The proprietor having in his practice, fully tested the virtues of these powders, is induced to publish them to the world, from the conviction that so valuable a specific should be in the hands of every physician.

ANTI-DYSPEPTIC POWDERS.

These powders (accompanied with a tonic liquid), relieve the Dyspeptic immediately, upon taking the first dose; and by continuing a reasonable time, restore the patient. They remove all pain and oppression from the stomach, while he may eat what where do, and as much as the appetite craves. To this bands she can testify.

RHEUMATIC PILLS.

These pills cure by operation; never failing to relieve in Rheumatism, whether chronic or inflammatory—always accompanied with a liniment.

Either of the above may be had only of No. 152 South 4th street, Philada. where Physicians and others, may be supplied as usual. All orders from a distance (post paid) will be faithfully attended to. oct 10—3mo

Fashions for Tailors,

Mahan's Improvement, and Practical Application of Ward's Protractor System of Garment Cutting.

THE Subscriber has the pleasure to inform his patrons and the public generally, that he has completed, and is now ready to order the above title, is now ready for delivery; and he flatters himself that he will be found to simplify the science of cutting, and to contain information, useful to the practical tailor, to a far greater extent than any work on the subject. The subscriber challenges a fair competition, with any system known to the public—and will give a *Reward of One Hundred Dollars*, to any person who will produce a better system than his own, for drafting, publishing, and taking out work. And to convince his subscribers and the public, who have been led to believe him to be the agent of another, the subscriber takes pleasure in stating, that he is the inventor of the same, as the above title describes. The protractor system, for which he pays for the use, forming merely a part, and which, if published alone, would be found wanting, and defective in many parts, which in the above system will be found complete. The improvements &c. will be found in every system and fall, each publication will contain diagrams of every reasonable garment, with instructions for their use, present style of execution, as may be required, or though an agent, will be imparted with the work for $10 for the first and for each subsequent year $5, to those already possessed of Protractors from the proprietor. No imposition will be given, and persons on the list of the 4th month 1st 1843. Conditions on the day of sale, or before, on application as above.

JAMES M. MAHAN,
JOSEPH THOMPSON, } executors.

oct 3—3t

Wanted,

A LAD of 14 or 15 years of age, as an apprentice to the Book Binding. Apply at the Office of the Saturday Evening Post. sep 12—tf

Farmers Buy Market Association.

THE Directors have this day declared a dividend of Two and a Half per cent. on the capital stock of the Association, which will be payable to the stockholders on their legal representatives, on or after the 15th inst.

Agreeable to the tenth article of Association, the annual meeting of stockholders will be held at their Hay Market, on 6th street, Southern Liberties, on Tuesday, the 31 of November inst., at 10 o'clock A. M. when there will be eight Directors chosen, to serve the ensuing year.

By order of the Board. HUGH WHITTON, Sec'ry.
October 24, 1842. oct 10—3t*

For Sale,

A VALUABLE PAPER MILL, with two Engines and a Machine, on Rock Run, situate in East and West Fallowfield Townships, Chester county, 7½ miles from Philadelphia, and 31 miles from the Rail road, with 80 acres of land; about 20 acres of meadow and arable land, and the remainder thriving timber.

The improvements are a substantial stone Mill House, with a full supply of wash water from springs, conveyed into settling ponds, and thence in pipes to the mill, and into each of the engines; a good stone dam near the mill, with a full supply of water at a moderate stage of the year; three dwelling Houses, a good stone barn, and a large orchard of apple trees in their prime of bearing, &c. If not sold by the 1st of December next, the property will be offered at public sale, on that day, on the premises. Enquire of Hesser Newlin, Philadelphia, merchants, Philadelphia; or to the subscriber, near the premises, at his mills on Doe Run.

ELISHA PHIPPS.

oct 3—12t

A Card.

MRS. GRANT, INSTRUCTRESS OF VOCAL AND INSTRUMETAL MUSIC,

GRATEFUL for the liberal encouragement she has received, respectfully informs her friends and the public, that she has resumed the duties of her profession and hopes by unremitted attention to the improvement of her pupils, to merit a continuance of their patronage.

For Terms, References, &c. apply at No. 141 Chestnut st, opposite the U. S. Bank, or at J. G. Osborne's Music Rooms, 20 S. Fourth street. oct 3—3t

Public Sale.

PURSUANT to the last will and testament of Alexander Chandler, late of the township of New Garden, deceased, will be exposed to public sale, on the premises, on 60th day, the 12th of 12th month, (December) next, at ten o'clock, P. M. all that certain messuage, plantation and tract of land, and Tavern stand, late the property of the said Alexander Chandler, deceased, situate on the Gap and Newport turnpike road, in the township of New Garden, Chester county, bounded by lands of Jacob Taylor, Francis Smith, Samuel Wilson and others, containing 157 Acres, about 35 of which is well timbered. The arable land is in a good state of cultivation, principally divided into fields, well fenced and watered. The improvements are large and convenient TWO STORY TAVERN HOUSE, 52 feet in front, with a kitchen attached, at the east end of which is a well of good water, with a pump therein, and a large stone spring house at the back end of the building. There is a large and usual cellar and an excellent oven. The first and second stories are each divided into six apartments, and there are several lodging rooms in the garret. A large new frame barn, 56 by 52 feet, three stories high, built of the best materials, and finished in the best manner, also two stone stables and an open shed.—There is on the premises a large bearing APPLE ORCHARD. The premises is 11 miles from Wilmington, and has long been known by the name of Chandler's Tavern, and been considered by travellers as one of the best in the county.—The public offer is to sell the property in convenient selections for the 20th inst. as also laid there. This property is worthy the attention of the capitalist and man of business. Those inclined to purchase, are invited to call on either or the subscribers residing on the premises, who will shew the property. Conditions will be given, and persons on the list of the 4th month 1st 1843. Conditions on the day of sale, or before, on application as above.

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October 24, 1842. oct 10—3t*

Wanted,

SIX BOYS at the PENN-TOWNSHIP SCREW FACTORY, on North 5th street, a few doors above Poplar Lane oct 10—4t*

A Card.

MRS. GRANT, INSTRUCTRESS OF VOCAL AND INSTRUMETAL MUSIC,

GRATEFUL for the liberal encouragement she has received, respectfully informs her friends and the public, that she has resumed the duties of her profession and hopes by unremitted attention to the improvement of her pupils, to merit a continuance of their patronage.

For Terms, References, &c. apply at No. 141 Chestnut st, opposite the U. S. Bank, or at J. G. Osborne's Music Rooms, 20 S. Fourth street. oct 3—3t

Public Sale.

PURSUANT to the last will and testament of Alexander Chandler, late of the township of New Garden, deceased, will be exposed to public sale, on the premises, on 60th day, the 12th of 12th month, (December) next, at ten o'clock, P. M. all that certain messuage, plantation and tract of land, and Tavern stand, late the property of the said Alexander Chandler, deceased, situate on the Gap and Newport turnpike road, in the township of New Garden, Chester county, bounded by lands of Jacob Taylor, Francis Smith, Samuel Wilson and others, containing 157 Acres, about 35 of which is well timbered. The arable land is in a good state of cultivation, principally divided into fields, well fenced and watered. The improvements are large and convenient TWO STORY TAVERN HOUSE, 52 feet in front, with a kitchen attached, at the east end of which is a well of good water, with a pump therein, and a large stone spring house at the back end of the building. There is a large and usual cellar and an excellent oven. The first and second stories are each divided into six apartments, and there are several lodging rooms in the garret. A large new frame barn, 56 by 52 feet, three stories high, built of the best materials, and finished in the best manner, also two stone stables and an open shed.—There is on the premises a large bearing APPLE ORCHARD. The premises is 11 miles from Wilmington, and has long been known by the name of Chandler's Tavern, and been considered by travellers as one of the best in the county.—The public offer is to sell the property in convenient selections for the 20th inst. as also laid there. This property is worthy the attention of the capitalist and man of business. Those inclined to purchase, are invited to call on either or the subscribers residing on the premises, who will shew the property. Conditions will be given, and persons on the list of the 4th month 1st 1843. Conditions on the day of sale, or before, on application as above.

JAMES M. MAHAN,
JOSEPH THOMPSON, } executors.

oct 3—3t

Wanted.

A LAD of 14 or 15 years of age, as an apprentice to the Book Binding. Apply at the Office of the Saturday Evening Post. sep 12—tf

Farmers Buy Market Association.

THE Directors have this day declared a dividend of Two and a Half per cent. on the capital stock of the Association, which will be payable to the stockholders on their legal representatives, on or after the 15th inst.

Agreeable to the tenth article of Association, the annual meeting of stockholders will be held at their Hay Market, on 6th street, Southern Liberties, on Tuesday, the 31 of November inst., at 10 o'clock A. M. when there will be eight Directors chosen, to serve the ensuing year.

By order of the Board. HUGH WHITTON, Sec'ry.
October 24, 1842. oct 10—3t*

Wanted,

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NEW
ESTABLISHMENT.
SLEEPER & BROTHER'S
Umbrella and Parasol
MANUFACTORY,
No. 14 North Third street, opposite Church Alley,
(GRANITE FRONT.)

FOR SALE, an extensive assortment of UMBRELLAS and PARASOLS, to which every variety of style and finish. Owing to their superior facilities for manufacturing together with their combined efforts and economy in purchasing, they can come to with any retail establishment in the city. Dealers in the article are cautioned against buying of the Trade. The trade furnished with materials. sep 3—3mo*

PHILADELPHIA CITY SAVINGS INSTITUTION,

Office No. 91 North Second Street.

Capital $200,000.

OFFICERS.

Joseph S. Riley, President. Alexander Cook,
William H. Jordan—Treas'r. Geo. W. Taws, } Trustees.
John Stell Bunnell—Secr'y. Joseph Worrell,

DIRECTORS.

Joseph S. Riley, Charles K. Stevens,
George W. Tryon, Wm. H. Jordan,
Alexander Cook, Joseph Worrell,
Michael W. Ash, Archibald Wright,
John G. Watmough, Henry Pepper,
Charles Schaffer, Jr. A. H. Brinton,
Robert Patterson,

This Institution, having for its object the benefit of the saving and economical classes of Town citizens, and receives deposites daily, (Sundays excepted) between the hours of 9 A. M and 2 P. M., from all persons disposed to place funds thereof to the following rates.

It pays weekly dividends of sums from $1 to $10, shall receive an interest of 3 per cent. per annum; or may convert the same into stock, at the end of a limited time, at subscription prices, $50,000 of the capital stock being reserved for that purpose.

Sums not exceeding $500 to remain for less than one year, nor more than three months, shall receive an interest of 2 per cent. per annum.

Sums from $50 to $500 to remain not less than 3 months, shall receive an interest of 4 per cent. per annum.

To monies to be withdrawn at pleasure, will be received, but an interest will be allowed thereon.

From day's notice to be given previous to withdrawing deposites, the interest ceasing on the day on which notice is given.

No loan can be made to any officer or director of the Institution.

Deposites received on Sunday, between the hours of 9 and 12 A